

BOSTON
of COLLECTION
KINDERGARTEN
STORIES

J.L.HAMMETT COMPANY

Elizabeth Garrett

THE BOSTON COLLECTION OF
KINDERGARTEN STORIES

*WRITTEN AND COLLECTED BY
Boston Kindergarten Teachers*



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PREFACE.

THIS collection of stories has been gathered by several of Boston's best Kindergartners, and is used by them in their daily work.

It is expected that experienced teachers will adapt these stories, as the needs of their pupils demand.

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Preface.

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KINDERGARTEN STORIES.

DORA, THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

I AM going to tell you a story about little Dora, who lived with her father, not in a house such as you children live in, but in a lighthouse on a little rocky island way out in the ocean. Some one has to live in the lighthouse all the time, to take care of the big lamp and keep it burning brightly for the ships that go out on the sea, so that in the night they may know which way to go and keep off the rocks and dangerous places. Little Dora had no mother to take care of her, and she could not go to school because they had to go in boats to the land, and it was very far away. Every day she went out to play in the sand, and she was very happy in the sunshine, and used to pick up stones and shells that she found among the rocks. At night, as soon as the sun went to bed, she went with her father up the steps that led to the light, and watched him light the great lamp that shone for the sailors far out on

the ocean. One day her father said, "I must go away in my boat to the land to buy some things for us to eat, and a pair of shoes for my little girl, but I will come back soon, and you can come out and watch my boat and play in the sand till I come back." So he went away, and Dora watched the boat till it was so far away it looked like a speck in the distance. Before very long something came in the sky that hid the sun. What do you think it was? By and by the little drops of water came down out of the clouds, and little Dora had to run into the house. The rain came faster and faster, and Dora sat by the window looking on the water, which was getting very rough and was tossing about in great waves. But she could see no boat coming from the land. Dora did not like to be alone, but she knew she must be a brave girl, so after watching a long time, she thought of the supper, and went and made the table ready, put on the cloth and dishes and made everything bright for her father when he should come. But the night was growing dark, and there was no one to light the great lamp, which must shine on the ocean even more brightly for her father and the sailors, who were out on the stormy sea. She took a match and went up the long stairs that led to the light, and tried to light it as she had seen

her father do. But she was too small; the light was higher than her hands could reach, so she went down the steps again and brought her little chair that would make her tall. It was pretty hard to carry the chair up the many steps, but it made her tall enough, and in a minute the great light was shining out on the stormy ocean; and Dora sat down and watched it a long time, listening to the rain that was beating against the windows of the light. But something else came with the storm and shut in the light so it could only be seen a little way. The fog closed in all around it, and then Dora remembered the great fog bell that she had seen her father ring, which the sailors could hear, even if they could not see the light. The big rope was hard to pull and the bell was very heavy, but Dora pulled it a long time till the storm was almost over, and the bell-rope got so very heavy that in a little while she was fast asleep. When the moon came out on the water and the great waves went down, then Dora's father was out again on the sea, making his boat go very fast, and when he got out of his boat and ran up the stairs as fast as he could, there he found the brave little Dora asleep, with the bell-rope fast in her hands and the light-house lamp still burning.

ADAPTED BY MISS LOMBARD.

NAUGHTY LITTLE GOLD FINGER.

THE fingers and the thumb lived very happily together; they each helped the other, and the thumb helped most of all.

One day somebody gave Gold Finger a ring. It was made of gold and had beautiful shining stones set in it, which sparkled and flashed like sunshine in the water. This made Gold Finger very vain and proud, and she spent a great deal of time admiring it. She did not care for the other fingers at all, but looked scornfully at them, and would not speak to them, and only seemed to care for her new ring. This all happened in the morning, and in the afternoon the Fingers and the Thumb went into the garden. There were beautiful roses and lilies there, and all kinds of flowers; strawberries on the vines and cherries on the trees. Gold Finger wanted a cherry, and tried to pick it, but she could not unless the Thumb would help her. She had been so cross and proud she was ashamed to ask any of them to help her, so she went without. Then she wanted to pick a rose, but she could not do it alone. So she watched the others have a good time, and felt very lonely herself. She tried to be con-

tented with her ring, and thought she felt happy looking at it, but somehow it did not shine nor sparkle as brightly as it did before.

By and by, when the sun went down, Gold Finger felt more lonely than ever, and she saw that without the other fingers she could do nothing.

So she whispered to the Little Finger that she was sorry she had been so cross and proud; then she whispered to the Tall Finger and told her she was sorry; the Tall Finger told the Pointing Finger, and the Pointing Finger told the Thumb.

Then they all kissed her and said they were glad to have her love them again, and they would help her and love her just as much as ever.



AMY STUART.

I ONCE knew a little girl, named Amy Stuart, who loved to play better than to work. She loved to run in the garden and hear the birds sing, and chase the butterflies and smell the sweet flowers. Amy had no little brothers or sisters to talk to, so she talked to the animals and insects and flowers, and she said they talked to her, and she understood all they said. One day her mother said: "Amy, I think you are big enough now to

begin to do a little work every day. You will learn as you grow older that every one has some work to do, and it is best to learn to be industrious while you are young." "Oh, mamma," said Amy, "I do not like to work; I would rather play; it is so much nicer. Can not I go out in the woods a little while and play before my work?" "Well," said her mother, "as I have nothing ready just now for you to do, you may go."

So away Amy skipped, through the pleasant garden into the shady woods. A squirrel ran across her path and Amy called to it. "Say, dear squirrel, you do not have anything to do but play and eat nuts, do you?" "My dear child," said the squirrel, "you are very much mistaken; I have quite a large family to support, and am very busy now laying by a store of nuts to last all winter, so I cannot stop to talk with you," and away he jumped. Just then a bee came buzzing by. Said Amy, "Little bee, do you have any work to do? I never see you doing anything but getting honey from the lovely flowers." "Indeed," said the bee, "it seems to me I never have time for anything but work. After I have filled my little bags with the flower honey I go home to my hive, build a beautiful honeycomb and fill the cells with honey; so you see I have plenty to do," and away he flew to

light on a sweet pink clover. Amy walked on a little way, when she saw some ants which seemed to be in a great hurry. She watched them awhile and then spoke to them, saying, "Is not that bread crumb you are carrying too heavy for you? It makes me so sorry to see you; I wish you could play all the time and enjoy yourselves." "Ah!" said the ant, "I am so glad to get the crumb that I quite enjoy carrying it, although it is so heavy. I will rest a little while and tell you of a lazy fit I once had. Our house was entirely destroyed one day. I do not know what did it, but we just escaped with our lives. My brothers and sisters said, 'Let us build a new one,' but I said, 'No! I am tired of working; let us go travelling and see if we cannot find a house ready made for us; then perhaps we will find time to play a little as the butterflies do.' So we travelled a long, long way, but we found no house ready for us, and as we were very tired, we tried to get some of our relations to share their houses with us, but they all said, 'No; you must be very lazy ants or you would have built yourselves a new house long ago.' At last we were forced to go to work and build a house, and since then we have been very well contented to do all the work that there is to be done," and the little ant picked up his bread crumb and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and this is what she said to herself: "It seems to me that everything has something to do, and it is strange that they all seem to like their work. But I do not believe flowers have any employment; I will ask one of them." So she walked into the garden, and said to a handsome Poppy, "Dear Poppy, do flowers ever work?" "My dear little Amy," said the Poppy, "of course they do. Did you never hear that the flowers turned into fairies at night, and each one must do some good deed or she will not have any honey the next day? Now I will go and visit all the eyelids and fan them until they fall asleep."

Amy walked slowly home, went to her mother and said, "Mother, the squirrels, the bees, the ants, and the flowers all have something to do, and I am the only idle one among them. I think I will try and finish that towel I began so long ago." I have since heard that Amy grew up to be a very industrious girl, while she loved flowers and animals and birds and insects as much as ever.

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger, New York.

HOW THE SPARROWS WERE FED.

ALL the sparrows that lived in a great elm-tree, standing in a city park, met on the morning after the first fall of snow to hold a council.

"This snow," began an old sparrow with a twisted bill, "is something I do not like. Robin Redbreast told me a month ago that it would come, and said it would be better for us to fly away south with him, but I thought I would stand by the tree. I felt badly enough when they took us, our nestlings and all, out of our English Oak and brought us across the sea, for I am a home body. But this snow—I don't know where to set my feet or pick a crumb for breakfast."

"Cannot we go back to our English Oak?" asked a younger sparrow. "It is not so cold there." "Not unless they choose to carry us," said the old sparrow. "I have heard," said another, "that the people who live in these beautiful houses around the park are very kind and will give us plenty to eat if we act a bit friendly. Let us go over to that balcony; I see a little boy behind the glass looking at us now, and he looks kind and gentle." So there was a whirring of wings, and the whole council went over to the balcony, making the light snow fly as they alighted.

How the little boy's face brightened as they came. He had a Bible on the arm of the great chair, in which he sat curled up like a bird in its nest.

"I wonder if God sent them," he said, for he had just been reading how God gives the lilies their beautiful dress, and how He feeds the little birds. As he read, "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," he looked over to the old tree and they all came to him in a flock. "What does it mean, mamma?" he said, calling his mother to him (for he was lame), and telling her all about it. "God has given you plenty of crumbs and a pair of hands to scatter them with," said his mother. "Perhaps that is the way our Heavenly Father wants to feed His sparrows."

A few minutes later the happy-faced boy was scattering crumbs on the balcony to as happy a group of sparrows; and every morning and night all winter they came to their young provider for breakfast and supper, and in this way the little lame boy began to lay up treasures in heaven.

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger & Co.

THE HONEST WOODMAN.

DO you know what a woodman is, children? He is a man who lives near a forest and spends all his time cutting down trees. The carpenter is the man who makes things out of wood, but the woodman is the man who cuts down the trees.

Once there was a woodman at work near a river, cutting down a tree; you could hear the click, click, of his axe all through the woods. He swung his axe high up over his shoulder to give a good blow, when suddenly the top of his axe flew off and was lost in the river—it was made of steel and was heavy, and sank deep, deep in the water.

The poor man did not know what to do; he had lost his axe and he could no longer work. And if he did not work he could not get bread for his children. He thought of his little boy and girl at home and of his wife, their mother; they would have no food to eat and no clothes to wear, unless he could work, and he had no money to buy a new axe. He felt so badly that he sat down by the river and cried; he could not bear to go home. As he sat there crying, there came up out of the river a beautiful lady,

and she said, "My poor man, why are you crying?" "Oh," he said, "I have lost my axe in the river, and I cannot work any more, and what will my poor children do for food?" "Do not cry any more, then," said the lady, "for I will get your axe for you," and she sank deep down in the river. Soon she came up again and brought in her hands a golden axe, all shining and bright. "There, my good man," she said, "is this your axe?" "Oh! no," he said, "mine was a strong steel axe; I want my own axe."

Then the lady went down into the water again, and this time she brought up a silver axe. "Here," she said, "is this your axe?" "Oh! no," he said, "mine was a strong steel axe; I don't want any but my own." And the lady said, "You shall have your own," and this time she went down into the water and brought up the steel axe, and she gave it to the woodman, who thanked her and was very glad.

The lady said, "You are an honest man; you would only take what belonged to you, but I will give you the golden axe and the silver axe, and you can get money for them for your children."

That night the woodman was very late, and his wife and children were afraid some harm had come to him. They went way out in the forest to meet him, and soon they saw him bending under a heavy

load. He had a right to bring home all the small branches from the trees he cut down, and beside these he had the three axes; the golden axe, the silver axe, and his old steel axe. He called his wife to help him, and when he had reached his home he showed the golden axe and the silver axe and told her all the story about losing the steel axe in the river.

The next day the woodman took the golden axe and the silver axe into the city to a jeweller, who gave him a great deal of money for them, since they were made of such pure gold and pure silver.

Then the woodman was able to build a good, warm house and to get shoes and clothes for his children and to send them to school.

THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

A dishonest woodman hears of this, and thinks he will get a gold axe. He is lazy and does not like to work, but he goes to the river and chops at the tree and loses his axe purposely in the river. Then he begins to cry, and the fairy comes. When she brings up the golden axe and asks if it is his, he says, "Yes, that is my axe." "Oh, no!" the lady says, "you are not speaking the truth," and she disappears in the river carrying the gold axe with her.

So the dishonest woodman loses the golden axe and his own axe, and has no axe to work with.

ADAPTED FROM LA FONTAINE.

Picture of the Honest Woodman, by Salvator Rosa, in the National Gallery, London.



THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood.

One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear, and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear.

And each had a chair to sit in: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

And each had a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day after they had made the porridge for their

breakfast and poured it into their porridge pots, they walked out into the woods, while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver Hair came to the house.

First she looked in at the window, then she peeped in at the key-hole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened because the Bears were Good Bears, who did nobody any harm and never suspected that anybody would harm them.

So little Silver Hair opened the door and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were Good Bears—a little rough or so as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her.

Then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear and tasted that, and that was neither too

hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well she ate it all up.

Then little Silver Hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she went upon the floor.

Then little Silver Hair went upstairs into the bed-chambers in which the three Bears slept.

First she lay down on the bed of the Great Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her; next she lay down on the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down on the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right.

So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast.

Now little Silver Hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in the porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great, huge voice.

And when the Middle-sized Bear looked at her porridge she saw the spoon was standing in hers, too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Small Wee Bear looked at his, and there was no porridge in his dish, but the spoon was there.

"Somebody has been at my porridge and eaten it all up!" said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little wee, small voice.

Upon this the three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house and eaten up the Little Small Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them.

Now little Silver Hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she arose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great, rough voice.

And little Silver Hair had pressed down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

You know what little Silver Hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and sat the bottom out of it!" said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his small, wee voice.

Then the three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search.

So they went upstairs into their bedchambers.

Now little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great, rough voice.

And little Silver Hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle-sized Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver Hair's pretty head.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is!" said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small, wee voice.

Little Silver Hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough voice of the Great Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder.

And she heard the middle-sized voice of the Middle-

sized Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little small, wee voice of the Little Small Wee Bear it was so sharp and shrill that it awakened her at once.

Up she started; and when she saw the three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning.

Out little Silver Hair jumped and away she ran into the woods, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE LITTLE ROOSTER. (Patience.)

IN the barnyard where the Ducks and Chickens lived were two little Bantam Chickens, a little Rooster and a little Hen. They loved each other very dearly. The little Hen was so gentle and so patient, while the little Rooster was sometimes very noisy, and he had another very bad habit—he was always in a hurry; he couldn't wait for anything. These little Chickens took a great many nice walks

together. One day in the Spring this little Rooster and little Hen started out for a walk. The sun was so bright and the air was so warm, that the flowers were all nodding and smiling to each other, and they nodded their heads to the little Chickens as they passed. The leaves were fresh and green on the trees and there was a beautiful green carpet on the ground.

The little Chickens walked along until they got out into the country, and then they came to a garden with a low fence around it. Looking through the palings, the little Rooster spied a bed of strawberries, some of them just beginning to turn a little yellow and some of them quite green. None of them were ripe, for the sun had not been warm enough. "Now," said the little Rooster in a loud voice, "I shall have just as many strawberries as I can eat."

"Surely," said the little Hen, "you are not going to eat those green strawberries."

"Yes, I am," said the little Rooster.

"Oh! please do not," said the Hen, "they will make you sick; wait a few days and they will be ripe, and we can come again."

"You are so foolish," said the little Rooster, "you always want me to wait," and with that he stretched out his wings and flew over the fence into the straw-

berry bed. He ate and ate until he was full. The little Hen stayed outside and kept thinking how sick he would be. After a while they walked home, and the night came and all the Chickens were asleep. The little Hen was suddenly startled in the night by a loud groan. "Oh! dear me; I'm so sick! Oh! how my stomach aches!" The poor little Hen was so frightened, because it was the little Rooster who was so sick. She got up and waited on him, but he was a very sick Rooster—he was so sick he could not get up the next morning—however, he recovered.

The Spring passed and Summer came. It was so warm that the little Hen and the little Rooster thought they would like to walk out in the country.

As they started and walked along they became very much heated. After a while they came to a clear, beautiful stream. "Now," said the little Rooster, "I shall have a nice, cool drink of water after this hot walk." "Now, my dear little Rooster," said the Hen, "won't you please sit down under these shady trees and get cooled off before you drink; because you know when one is overheated it is not good to drink cold water."

"Nonsense!" said the little Rooster, "I am not going to wait," and with this he put his bill down in the water and threw his head back until he could not

drink another drop. The little Hen sat down and waited until she was rested.

That night the little Rooster was very sick again; this time the little Hen thought he was going to die. She put his feet in warm water and put a mustard plaster on him. He recovered, but he was very weak for a long time.

Summer passed, Autumn came, and Jack Frost had made only one visit to the little streams, so they had only a very thin sheet of ice over them. One nice day the little Hen and the little Rooster went out for another walk. They came to a stream; the little Rooster stepped on the ice and begged the little Hen to skate with him.

"No," said the little Hen, "the ice is too thin; it will break; we had better wait."

"Wait, indeed," said the little Rooster, "you are always talking about waiting."

With this he skated off nearly to the middle of the stream, came back and begged again.

"No," said the little Hen. Then he went to the middle and came back and begged again.

"No," said the little Hen.

The third time he skated almost across the stream. The Hen was sitting on a stone crying, when she heard a crackling sound—Crack! Pop! went the ice

under the little Rooster and he fell into the water and was drowned.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY.

SOME workmen were building the tall chimney of a new factory. It would have amused you to see the men go to and from their work on the chimney. It was so tall that no ladder could reach to the top of it, so the men went up and down by means of a rope passed through a pulley, which was firmly fixed to the top of the chimney.

The men were all very glad when it was all finished, and came down just as quickly as they could. Unfortunately, the last man but one pulled the rope from the pulley. When he got to the ground he looked back and saw a man standing on the top of the chimney.

"Oh! what have I done!" he said to himself. They were so frightened they did not know what to do. First they looked at their friend standing alone away up in the air; then they looked at the rope, which lay in a coil upon the ground.

"Poor fellow, he is done for," they said. "He will starve if he has to stay there. He will be killed if he tries to get down."

Just then the man's wife came by. She did not begin to cry, scold or fret; she only said to herself,—
“How shall I save him!”

In a moment she had thought of a plan, and she shouted at the top of her voice,—

“John! John! Unravel your stocking. Begin at the toe.”

He knew what she meant, and, taking off his stocking, knit by this same good wife, he cut off the end and began to pull out the yarn.

When he had pulled out a long piece, he fastened one end around a little piece of brick, which he gently let down.

The men were eagerly waiting for it with upstretched hands.

When they got hold of the yarn they fastened it to a ball of twine which the wife had brought. Then they shouted,—

“Pull up the yarn till you get the twine.”

Soon they heard John say,—

“I have it.”

Then they fastened the twine to the pulley-rope and shouted again,—

“Pull up the twine till you get the rope.”

“Ay, ay,” said John, and in a few minutes he had hold of the rope.

Then, snatching up the rest of the stocking for a keepsake, he let himself down as the other men had done, and reached the ground in safety.

APPLETON'S SECOND READER.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

ALION was sleeping in his den, when a little Mouse playing right above him fell on his nose. He woke up and caught the Mouse and was about to eat it up, when it begged for life and freedom. "See," said the Mouse, "how small I am, too poor, too poor a meal for you—it would be no honor for you to kill a little Mouse, and I might at some time be useful to you and do you some good."

"What good can you do me!" said the Lion haughtily, "but I grant you life and freedom because it would be mean for me to kill you."

The Mouse ran away full of joy. Shortly after the Lion fell into the net of a hunter and could not get out. He roared so the woods resounded; then the grateful little Mouse came and gnawed diligently at the cords and ropes until it set the Lion free.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE THREE GOLD FISHES.

THERE was a man who had three little Gold Fishes, the dearest little Gold Fishes in the world. He put them in a pond of beautiful clear water.

Every day he walked down to the pond and threw little crumbs of bread into the water.

The Fishes would swim quickly to the place where the crumbs fell, pick them up and eat them.

Then the good man would call out to them, "Dear little Gold Fish, remember two things: if you want always to be as safe and happy as you are now, never swim through the lattice into the big pond that is just next to the little pond, and never go up on the bank when I am not here."

But the little Fish did not understand him. Then the man thought, "I must do something which will make them understand what I mean."

So he went down and stood near the lattice, and whenever one of the little Gold Fish swam towards the lattice and tried to get through, he beat the water with a stick so that he might frighten the Fish away.

He did the same thing whenever one of them came

up to the top of the water to get up on the bank, so that he might drive it far below the surface.

"Now," he said to himself, "I think they understand me," and he went back to the house.

Then the little Gold Fishes came together and shook their heads, and could not imagine why the good man did not want them to swim to the top of the water.

"He is up on top himself," said one little Fish, "and I do not see why he will not let us come up just a little higher; and why should we be kept always in this pond? It is like a prison. What harm would it do if we swam sometimes in the beautiful big pond?"

"He is a cruel man," said the first little Fish; "he does not love us, and does not want us to have a good time."

"I shall not obey him," said the second little Fish. "I am going right off for a frolic in the big pond." "And I," said the first little Fish, "I am going up on the bank to enjoy the beautiful sunshine."

The third little Gold Fish alone was wise enough to think, "The good man must have had some reason for not wanting us to go on the bank or into the big pond. I know he loves us and takes pleasure in us. He would not so often come to bring us nice crumbs

of bread if he did not care for us. He is not cruel, and I will do as he wanted me to, though I may not know the reason he wants it." So the good little Fish stayed down deep in the water.

The other two Fishes did as they said they would do. One swam through the lattice into the large pond, and the other played in the sunshine on the bank. Both laughed at the little brother who had chosen to obey the good man.

But what do you think happened? Can you guess? Scarcely had the first little Fish gone into the big pond when a great Fish sprang upon him and ate him up.

Scarcely had the second little Fish got to the bank when the water left him there in the sunshine, and as he had nothing to breathe, he died.

Only the little Gold Fish who obeyed the kind man was left in the clear water of the beautiful pond.

TRANSLATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

THE SUNBEAMS.

THE Sun was up.

The sky in the east had shown that he was on the way, for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth, and there was a new day, and he sent out his Beams to wake all from sleep.

A Beam came to the little Birds in the trees, and they rose at once, flew about and sang as loud as they could.

Then a Beam came to the Rabbit and waked her, and she gave her eyes a rub and ran out of the wood into the green field to eat the fresh grass.

A third Beam came into the hen-house, and the Cock flapped his wings and crowed, and all the Hens flew out into the yard to get what they could to eat.

Now came a Beam to the beehive, and the Bee crept out of his hive, rubbing his wings with his legs, and flew off to the fields to drink the honey of the buds and cups and bells which had awakened as he had just done

The last Beam came to the bed of a Boy too fond of sleep and awakened him, but he would not get up. He hid his face from it as he turned to the wall.

So he went to sleep once more, though all the animals were up and at their work.



CHICKADEES.

THE ground was all covered
With snow one day,
And two little sisters
Were busy at play,
When a Snow-Bird was sitting
Close by on a tree
And merrily singing
His chick-a-dee-dee.
He had not been singing
That way very long,
Ere Emily heard him,
So loud was his song.
"Oh! sister, look out of
The window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.
"Poor fellow, he walked in
The snow and the sleet
And has neither stockings
Nor shoes on his feet.
I pity him so,
How cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing
His chick-a-dee-dee.

"Oh ! mother, do get him
Some stockings and shoes
And a nice little frock
And a hat if you choose.
I wish he'd come into
The parlor and see
How warm we could make him,
Poor chick-a-dee-dee."

The Bird had flown down
For some pieces of bread,
And heard every word
Little Emily said.
"What a figure I'd make
In that dress," thought he,
And laughed as he warbled
His chick-a-dee-dee.

"I'm grateful," said he,
"For the wish you express,
But I have no occasion
For such a fine dress.
I had rather remain
With my little legs free,
Than be hobbling along
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"There is One, my dear child,
Though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already,
And warm enough, too.

Good morning! Oh! who are
So happy as we?"
And away he went
Singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWARD.



A THANKSGIVING STORY.

IT was nearly time for Thanksgiving Day. The rosy apples and golden pumpkins were ripe, and the farmers were bringing them into the markets.

One day when two little children, named John and Minnie, were going to school, they saw the turkeys and chickens and pumpkins in the window of a market, and they exclaimed, "Oh, Thanksgiving Day! Oh, Thanksgiving Day!" After school was over, they ran home to their mother, and asked her when Thanksgiving Day would be. She told them in about two weeks; then they began to talk about what they wanted for dinner, and asked their mother a great many questions. She told them she hoped they would have turkey and even the pumpkin pie they wanted so much, but that Thanksgiving Day was not given us so that we might have a good dinner, but that God had been a great many days and weeks preparing for Thanksgiving. He had sent the sunshine

and the rain and caused the grains and fruits and vegetables to grow. And Thanksgiving Day was for glad and happy thoughts about God, as well as for good things to eat.

Not long after, when John and Minnie were playing, John said to Minnie, "I wish I could do something to tell God how glad I am about Thanksgiving." "I wish so too," said Minnie. Just then some little birds came flying down to the ground, and Minnie said, "Oh! I know." Then she told John, but they agreed to keep it a secret till the day came. Now what do you think they did? Well, I will tell you.

They saved their pennies, and bought some corn, and early Thanksgiving Day, before they had their dinner, they went out into the street near their home, and scattered corn in a great many places. What for? Why, for the birds. While they were doing it, John said, "I know, Minnie, why you thought of the birds; because they do not have any papas and mammas after they are grown up to get a dinner for them on Thanksgiving Day." "Yes, that is why," said Minnie.

By and by the birds came and found such a feast. And perhaps they knew something about Thanksgiving Day and must have sung and chirped happily all day.

MISS L. B. PINGREE.

THE FAIRY IN THE MIRROR.

DID you ever see the fairies in the looking-glass? I know of a little girl who saw them, and I will tell you how it happened.

Nettie was a pretty good little girl, but she had a very unpleasant habit of frowning and fretting if anything did not please her. This happened so often and she frowned so much, she was beginning to have two little wrinkles between her eyebrows. Now when she looked into the glass with a scowl on her face, it made the fairies very unhappy. They knew that Nettie was very unhappy too, and they were very sorry for her, so they thought they would try and cure her of her faults. The fairies are able to make themselves large or small, and to look like any one they choose. One fairy said to the others, "I think I have a good plan, one that will cure Nettie of her ill temper. It is this: whenever Nettie looks into a glass with a cross face, I will show her very face and will look exactly as she does, only I will smile instead of frown—then she cannot help seeing how much more agreeable she is when she is pleasant, and I think, in a short time, she will be a sweet and amiable little girl."

The very next day Nettie went to the mirror with a scowl on her face and was surprised to see a little face appear in the glass, just like her own, with a little bright smile sparkling in the eyes, and a merry laugh just ready to break from her lips. The little girl looked earnestly at the strange appearance in the mirror, and in a few moments was smiling at the lovely fairy face. Nettie was so pleased with her little fairy friend, that she often looked into the glass and always had a pleasant laugh with her. But one day Nettie came as usual, expecting to see that lovely fairy face — instead of that it was frowning and cross. Nettie felt very badly about it and said, "Oh! dear fairy, why do you look so cross?" "Nettie," said the fairy, "I want to show you how you look when you frown." "Indeed," said Nettie, "I will never be so cross again, but try to be always kind and pleasant." After this Nettie's papa and mamma often said to each other, "What a dear little girl our Nettie is getting to be! She never frowns."

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger & Co.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

WHICH is the Wind that brings the cold ?
The North Wind, Freddie, and all the snow,
And the Sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat ?
The South Wind, Katy, and Corn will grow
And Peaches redden for you to eat
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain ?
The East Wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers ?
The West Wind, Bessie, and soft and low
The Birdies sing in Summer hours
When the West begins to blow.

E. C. STEDMAN.

STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

A LITTLE girl, one day in the month of May, dropped a Morning-Glory Seed into a small hole in the ground and said,—

“Now, Morning-Glory Seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow, until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers.”

But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee Seed could not grow at all.

After lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the Ground around it,—

“Oh, Ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard, brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine.”

But the Ground said,—

“That you must ask of the Rain.”

So the Seed called to the Rain,—

“Oh, Rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer

and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

"But," the Rain said, "I cannot unless the Clouds hang low."

So the Seed called to the Clouds, —

"Oh, Clouds, please hang low and let the Rain come down and wet the Ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

But the Clouds said, —

"The Sun must hide first."

So the Seed called to the Sun, —

"Oh, Sun, please hide for a little while, so that the Clouds may hang lower and the Rain come down and wet the Ground around me. Then will the Ground give me a few drops of water, and my hard brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

"I will," said the Sun, and he was gone in a flash.

Then the Clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the Rain began to fall faster and faster, and the Ground began to grow wetter and wetter, and the

seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!

Then out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-Glory Seed began to be a Vine.

MARGARET EYTINGE.



APRIL.

A LITTLE brown Sparrow flew into a tree,
And whistled and whistled right merrily;
Soon a good Robin came out of the wood,
And he commenced singing as loud as he could.

Then down in the meadows in the blackest of bogs,
Was heard a great croaking from numberless Frogs,
This brought out a Toad from its snug winter hole,
And off he went, hopping beside a black Mole.

The Honey-Bees, feeling the heat of the sun,
Came out of their warm honey hive, one by one;
The Butterflies balanced themselves on the wing,
And wondered and wondered if this could be Spring.

A beautiful Daisy with little pink head,
Now threw off her blanket and got out of bed.
The sky looked so blue and the sunshine so bright,
She nodded and whispered, "I think I'm all right."

The little gray Squirrels came out of their nests,
And chatted and gambolled as well as the rest;

A little green Snake, quite as shiny as glass,
Went gliding along through the velvety grass.

Some Geese and some Ducks at a neighboring farm
Now quacked very loudly behind the great barn—
How welcome the noise ! What music they bring !
With sunshine and gladness, beautiful Spring.

AUNT CLARA, *Dayspring.*



HELIX, THE SNAIL.

SCENE—Old Wood. Trees bent and shut out by the sun. Ground covered with moss, stumps and logs ; ferns and bright toadstools growing. Lizards dart in and out. Snail could not run as fast as the Lizard, but did the best he could.

He had no particular home, and travelled looking for his dinner ; generally he spent the day near by.

Whenever he walks, like a soldier he carries his tent with him, always on his back, ready to run into whenever an enemy appears.

The best dinner he gets is a toadstool.

He runs up the stem and clings fast to the smooth, firm edge, making a delightful meal. Once the Snail was a tiny white egg, as small as a currant, and was tucked away under a blanket (soft moss).

When ready to come out he ate up the egg-shell and set out to look for food.

Now his house was nearly an inch across, striped brown and gold. The house grew as fast as he did, and he could not leave it even if he wanted to.

The little Snail has a body flat on the lower side; instead of feet he has many little suckers to hold fast to wood or stone or to walk with. He has many brothers and cousins in the wood. One day he heard a great noise while he was climbing a tree, and was so scared he nearly fell and lost his balance, but remembered it would break his shell to fall.

So he listened, and then he heard two Squirrels talking very loud, and saw a Bird near by which put in a word now and then.

"You are nobody," said the bigger Squirrel very angrily. "How dare you steal my nuts?" "I did not think of stealing," said the other very timidly.

"Better not try it again. My name is Lad Guy. You have no name."

The little bird sang:—

"Oh! yes, his name is Chippy, and mine is Robin Red Breast, and we are as good as you."

"How much talk about names," thought the Snail. "I would not tell Lad Guy, but I have none; I wonder how I could get one."

The Squirrel scampered away and the Snail continued his walk. He thought much about his name. How? He forgot to look for toadstools, and passed several and could hardly sleep that night. In the morning he was very hungry and looked for breakfast. He came to a large stone and crept over it, not around. Something poured over him. He forgot to run into his house, walked about a little and found himself on a hand. He was dizzy so far from the ground. A little girl held him. She had blue eyes, yellow hair and beautiful white skin. "What a beauty! let me take him home for a pet," and she went into the house and put him on the window-seat. Then three pairs of eyes stared at him.

"What shall we call him?"

"How would Helix do?"

"He must have a place to live in."

So they prepared a large pan with moss, vines and ferns. He was delighted with his new name. He had better food and was tired of toadstools, and thought sponge cake moistened with water was much better, and had no more trouble looking for food. Moss to walk over, too.

Soon there were other Snails; their names were "Sewell" and "Fayette," but Helix was the pet and grew fat and pretty.

Every day he walked on his mistress's hand, and when he wanted to go anywhere he would put out a pair of long horns to feel with.

In a pair of larger horns were his eyes.

One day his mistress was going to drive and did not have time to put him away.

She left him on the window-sill under a glass.

The sun crept round and shone warm in the window. He put out his head as far as he could to get fresh air.

When his mistress came home, she found Helix dead. She sprinkled cold water on him, but it did no good. Then she cried because she had been so careless, and she made a picture of the Snail and put it away with the shell, which was no longer golden, but white and homely.



WHAT A BIRD THOUGHT.

I LIVED first in a little house
And lived there very well —
The world to me was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.
I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other ;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from my nest
To see what I could find;
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At last I flew beyond the trees,
Quite fit for grown-up labors —
I don't know how the world is made
And neither do my neighbors.

SELECTED.



THE LOST LAMB.

THERE was once a little girl who lived in a beautiful country a long way from here; this country was Germany, and the little girl's name was Gretchen.

She had a brother smaller than herself and he was called Fritz, and they owned a very large dog whose name was Carlo.

Every morning the dog would go with Gretchen's father to tend sheep, for the father was a shepherd, and that is the way he earned his living, just as your papa does by doing one thing, like a carpenter, painter, tailor or shoemaker.

Sometimes the father had to go away and be gone all night, and then Gretchen and Fritz had to stay from school and take care of the sheep.

Gretchen's father and mother lived in a wooden house in the valley, which is the low land between high hills or mountains. They had to travel up the steep hillside where the green grass grew, so the sheep could nibble it and grow very large. Then the sheep were sheared, which means that all their beautiful white wool was cut off and made into yarn for stockings and mittens and worsted, such as our colored balls are made of, or into cloth, so that people could have some clothes to wear.

When our Gretchen and her brother had the care of the sheep their mother would have to send a little boy with their dinner, which usually was some fresh milk and black bread.

After dinner Fritz would play on his flute, which he always carried with him, tied around his neck with a piece of blue ribbon, and Gretchen would finish the sewing her mother had given her.

There is one thing they wore which we never see. You know our shoes are made of leather, which is the hide of an animal. Theirs were made of wood, and when they walked you could hear them very plainly because they made a great deal of noise.

When they went to school they had to take them off and put them on the floor against the wall, and each child had his or her name marked inside. One

morning Gretchen's father said, "Gretchen, you cannot go to school to-day; I must go to the city and Fritz must go with me to get a pair of shoes."

So, although Gretchen wanted very much to go to school, she said, "Yes, my father."

The children in that country never say papa.

Then Gretchen called the dog and drove the sheep before her to the hillside and then sat down and rested.

When it began to grow dark she called the sheep, and she sent the dog after those who would not come; he would bark very fiercely, and then they ran to our little girl, but when they were counted, Gretchen found that one sheep was missing, and she did not dare go home without it. She called the dog and said to him, "Carlo, I must find the other sheep; will you please take the others home while I go and look?"

Carlo looked at her, wagged his tail and barked just once.

So she went towards home a little way, and the sheep knew they were going home, so they ran very fast, and Carlo barked if one stayed behind to nibble a little more of the sweet grass. Then Gretchen called and looked around and behind the rocks, and walked until her feet ached, then she sat down and

waited awhile, thinking perhaps she would hear the sheep "Baa." But it was all very quiet and grew darker, and by and by the stars began to twinkle, and she counted them until there were too many.

Then she took off her heavy wooden shoes and went on again.

When she reached the top of a hill she thought she saw a white speck way down as far as she could see. She ran and found the lamb all tired and hungry, and when she called it it tried to come, but she found its leg was broken. She tied her handkerchief, which she wore on her head instead of a cap, around the broken leg, and tried to carry the lamb, but it was heavy. After going a little way she had to stop, and laying it tenderly down on the ground she sat down beside it and wondered what she should do.

All the time she was growing hungry and frightened, then she cried a little and said her little prayer, and knew nothing more till Carlo and the neighbors with torches were beside her.

One of the men lifted her up and they took the lamb and went home.

Her brother stood at the door with outstretched arms ready to receive her.

After she was warmed and fed her mother pulled

out the trundle bed from under her own and put her into it.

In the morning when her father heard the story, he called her to him and told her he was proud of his little girl, and Gretchen felt as if she could go through as much again to hear her father say that to her.

WILHELMINA S. HARRIS.



THE BRAMBLE BUSHES AND THE LAMB.

ONCE there was a little brook and the water was very cool to drink, so the Cows and Horses thought, for many times a day they went to its banks to satisfy their thirst, and some Sheep and Lambs who were often in a field near by also liked to drink the water.

Now, on the banks of the brook there were some Bramble Bushes, and when the Sheep and Lambs went down to drink, their wool would catch on the Bushes, and little pieces would get torn off. Then the Sheep would say,—

“The Bramble Bushes are of no use in the world; they tear our nice wool which we give to the little children to make warm garments for winter.”

And the Cows said, —

“And we give the children milk.”

And the Horses said, —

“We give them nice rides.”

But the Bramble Bushes did not say anything.

There were some Birds building their nests in the trees around, and they were chattering and singing to each other.

By and by it was very still in the fields below, and one of the Papa Birds said to the Mamma Bird, —

“I will go and see if I can find something nice and warm to line our little nest with.”

So he flew down and found a nice little bit of white wool on the Bramble Bushes.

He soon flew back and told all the other Birdies, and soon others came and got all the pieces of wool on the Bramble Bushes and made their nests soft and warm with it, all ready for the little ones when they should come to live in them.

So the Bramble Bushes were of use after all.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS E. C. CARR.

Adapted from American Kindergarten.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

THERE was a Swallow who had built her nest underneath the eaves of a house. She meant to rear therein her children from year to year. (You know how the Swallow finds her nest every year.) In the fall (now is the fall of the year, the fall of leaves) she flew away with all the other Swallows to a warmer country, and when she came back in the spring, she found her nest taken up by a Sparrow.

This lazy fellow would not build himself a nest, and settled in the empty Swallow's nest. She flew before the nest and said, —

“Peep! Peep! Mr. Sparrow, make room for me; I have made that nest for my brood.”

The Sparrow said, —

“Go your way now, I am in.”

She begged a long while, till he threatened to hurt her with his sharp bill.

The poor Swallow flew away with a sad heart; but as she met other Swallows she told them about her nest, and they all said, “We must punish the impudent Sparrow.”

So they took mud in their bills and flew to

the nest and—yes, they shut its opening up with mud.

When the Sparrow came home he could not get in, and had to go to work to build his own nest.

Was it right to do as the Swallows did?

Why?

What have some Birds to do?

Work.

With what do they work?

What else?

How do they work for us?

[Sing: "The Swallow is a Mason."']

ADAPTED FROM MRS. BERTHOLD.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

NOW, little children, if you will sit still and listen, I will tell you a story about a Hare and a Tortoise, and how one day they tried to outrun each other. The Hare is a pretty creature somewhat like a rabbit; he has long legs and can run very fast.

But the Tortoise wears a great shell on his back, and creeps along very slowly.

The Hare one day laughed at the short legs and slow pace of the Tortoise, but the Tortoise laughed too and said,—

“Though you should run as fast as the wind, I will beat you in a race.”

The Hare thought it very foolish of the Tortoise, but he agreed to run the race, and they decided the Fox should choose the course.

They were to run from the seashore where the Tortoise lived to the edge of the forest where the Hare lived.

The Crow gave the word for them to start; he called out,—

“Caw! Caw! Caw!” three times, as loud as he could. I suppose he meant to say, “Go! Go! Go!”

At first, as you may suppose, the Hare went ahead. His light feet sprang on the ground and he bounded along, shaking the dew off the flowers, and it did not seem to tire him at all.

By and by he thought he would look around and see where the Tortoise was, but the Tortoise was way, way behind, nowhere in sight.

“Well,” thought the Hare to himself, “there is no use in running very fast; I may as well take a nap. There is the tree in sight; it will not take me long to run to it.”

So the Hare crouched down in the long grass and went to sleep.

But the Tortoise did not stop a moment; he was on his way, moving as fast as he could.

That was not very fast to be sure, but then he did not stop for an instant.

He was hungry, but he did not stop to eat; he was thirsty, but he did not stop to drink.

All the Birds by the roadside laughed at him, and told him the Hare must have reached the forest long ago. But still the Tortoise went on; for, as he said, he could but try.

Well, when he came to where the Hare lay fast asleep the Tortoise could hardly believe his eyes.

You may be sure he did not stop to rest there, but jogged on as fast as he could.

When at last the Hare woke up and looked about him, there was the Tortoise at the edge of the forest.

He reached the tree first and the Hare had lost the race.

A STORY OF A COWSLIP.

THERE was a time, long ago, when the Cowslip had no golden blossoms. To be sure she wished to have them, but, as she did not know how to get them, she contented herself for one summer with only her rich, dark leaves. In the autumn she fell asleep, with her feet curled close and warm underground, and her head tucked beneath the cover which her mother had provided.

Soon after she had drawn her feet up and her head down, there came a frosty night, and the Cowslip whispered softly, —

“Good Friend, I am cold.”

And the Good Friend made haste to cover her with a gorgeous blanket of many-colored leaves, which the trees gladly gave.

After a few nights another frost came, and again the Cowslip softly whispered, —

“Good Friend, I am cold;” and the Good Friend covered her with another blanket of warm brown leaves and soft, velvet-like moss; but in a day or two the good, listening, careful Friend heard a tiny, sleepy whisper from the Cowslip, —

“Good Friend, I am cold;” and this time the

Good Friend spread a beautiful blanket, soft and white as wool, under which the Cowslip slept and dreamed until, one morning in May, she heard a sweet rustling all around her, whereupon she nestled in her bed, not knowing the rustle she had heard was caused by the rustling and whisperings of her companions under ground, who, like herself, were just awakening from happy dreams.

She was just opening her sleepy eyes when she heard a Robin sing, but as the earth still covered her, the song was half understood. That she might hear better, she tossed up her arms to throw off the blankets which the wind and sun had removed before she awoke, and finding her bed uncovered, she thrust her head quite out of the ground, into the very arms of a Golden Sunbeam who was looking everywhere for her.

She remembered both Sunbeam and Robin, and so glad was she to see them that she laughed a low, sweet "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" — and then she stood in full golden bloom, every "Ha! ha!" having become a sunny-hearted blossom.

Of course she was amazed and hung her head in a pretty, modest fashion as do the Cowslips to this day; for since that happy springtime, not one of the family has failed to laugh itself into a blossom when

it hears the Robin and sees the Sunbeam of merry May.

S. E. WILTSE.



COURTESY IN BIRDS.

I WITNESSED the other day an act of such perfect courtesy on the part of two little birds, that I think you will be glad to record it, writes a gentleman in the London *Spectator*.

We have a large cage in which are a cock goldfinch and two little manakins. The latter little sober-colored birds are considered very interesting. Wishing, however, to provide a mate for the goldfinch, I one evening bought a hen canary, and the next morning turned it into the cage with the others.

None of the rest of the birds took the least notice of the new arrival, but the two little manakins placed themselves, side by side, by the seed vessel, the canary being on the perch above.

They fed her, in turn, with seed, lifting up their little black heads one after the other, and letting her take the seed out of their stumpy white beaks. This appeared to be pure courtesy to the lady stranger.

We have seen no repetition of the act, but one of the manakins having got wet one day, we watched the canary returning the courtesy by trying to dry its feathers by passing them through her beak.



DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

ONCE on a time there lived a woman who had two daughters.

The elder daughter was very much like her mother, but no one loved her, because she did many bad things and was often very unkind.

But the younger daughter was very unlike her mother and sister. She was always kind and gentle, and was ready to help those who were in trouble. She had a happy, sweet face, because she was always thinking happy, sweet thoughts. Now the mother did not love the good daughter as well as she loved the bad one, and she gave her much hard work to do.

Among other things she had to go twice a day to a spring, more than a mile and a half away, and draw water; and she often grew very tired carrying home the heavy pitcher.

One day, while she was drawing water at the fountain, a poor old woman came out of the wood near

by, and asked if she would give her some water as she was very thirsty.

"Indeed I will," the girl answered cheerfully, and after washing her pitcher carefully, she filled it from the clearest part of the fountain and then held it while the poor woman drank.

Now it happened it was not really an old woman who had asked her for the water, but a beautiful fairy who had dressed in poor clothes, only to see whether or not the young girl would be polite and kind to her; and when she found how gentle and obliging she was, the fairy said, —

"My dear, because you have been kind to a poor old woman, I am going to make you a present; whenever you speak kind words there shall fall from your lips either a rose or a diamond."

The young girl tried to thank her, but found that the fairy had gone quickly away, so taking up her heavy pitcher she went home.

When she reached the house her mother said, "You are a naughty child; why did you stay so long at the fountain?"

"Excuse me, mother," the girl answered; "I did not mean to stay too long."

And lo! as she spoke, there fell from her lips two beautiful roses, two pearls and two diamonds.

"What do I see!" exclaimed the mother; "as sure as anything, diamonds and roses drop from her lips whenever she speaks."

Then the girl told her mother about the woman who had asked her for some water at the fountain, and about the gift she had promised her; and all the time she was speaking, diamonds and roses kept falling from her lips.

"Upon my word this is very lucky," said the mother; "now I will send my other daughter to the fountain that she may receive this beautiful gift."

Then she sent the older daughter to draw water, but she did not want to carry the large, heavy pitcher or take the long walk, so she went away feeling very cross, and pouting and grumbling all the way.

When she reached the fountain, instead of seeing an old woman as she expected, a beautiful lady, richly dressed, came out of the wood and asked for a drink of water. It was, indeed, the same kind fairy, but she had changed herself into a beautiful princess to see what this sister would do.

When she asked her for some water, the girl said, in a very cross way, "Do you think I have walked way over here to draw water for you to drink? If you are thirsty you can take the pitcher and fill it yourself."

"You are not very obliging," said the fairy, "and since you have been so impolite, whenever you speak there shall fall from your lips either a toad or a viper, until you learn to be gentle and kind like your sister."

As soon as the girl reached home, her mother ran to her and said, —

"Well, daughter?"

And the girl began to tell of what had happened at the fountain, but at every word there fell from her lips either a toad or a viper. Then the mother grew very angry and said, "Your sister must have been the cause of this," and she talked to the younger daughter in such a way that the good girl, who was really in no way to blame for what had happened to her sister, went out and wandered into the woods and began to feel very sad. But the good fairy who lived there in the forest found her crying, and seeing how good and gentle she was, she took her to her beautiful castle to live and made her very happy.

As for her bad sister, it was a long time before she learned to be good and kind, but whenever she said any cross words, a toad or viper fell from her lips. She at last learned to be good and happy, and was loved as much as her sister.

LITTLE WATER DROPS.

THERE once lived in a rippling river a Drop of cool, clear Water. It had a great many brothers and sisters, for the whole river was made up of Drops of Water like itself; and they used to have merry times, dancing and singing and sparkling along through the green fields, watering the grass and flowers, and making everything fresh and beautiful.

One bright Spring morning, after the heat of the sun and the warm April breezes had melted the ice from the banks of the stream, a Sunbeam came dancing out of the sky and lighted right in the middle of the river. As soon as it lighted, all the Drops of Water began laughing and clapping their tiny hands for joy, for the Sunbeams were so bright and happy that all the little Water Drops liked to have them come and play with them.

So for a long time they danced and played together very merrily. As the day grew warmer and the great sun rose higher and higher in the sky, the little Sunbeam knew it was time for her to fly away, so she told the little Drop of Water, who had

been very busy and kind to its playmates during the morning, that she wanted a little Drop of Water to go away up into the sky with her, for the Gardener who took care of the earth and the flowers wanted some Drops of Water to help Him.

The little Drop was very happy at the thought of going away to the bright blue sky with the Sunbeam, so it bade all its friends good-by, and the Sunbeam took it gently in its arms. Away they flew, up, up, up, past the green fields, over the trees and above the church spires, up so high that the little Water Drop thought they must be going straight up to the sun where the Sunbeam lived.

After they had travelled on and on for a long time, the little Drop of Water grew so tired and sleepy that its little eyes shut tighter and tighter, till at last it was fast asleep.

How long it slept it never knew, but when it awoke it was lying on such a beautiful white, fleecy cloud up in the blue sky, that for a moment it thought it was dreaming.

But soon it heard many little voices and a great rushing and laughing, and on looking it saw a whole band of sparkling Water Drops, like itself, hurrying somewhere in a cloud much darker than the one it

was on, and as it came nearer they all cried with happy voices,—

“Oh! come with us, little Water Drop, we are having such a nice time.”

So the little Water Drop gave a jump when the cloud came near, and was soon in the carriage with the others, which it thought was just the nicest kind of a carriage it had ever heard of—for the carriage was made of a soft, dark cloud, and they had the wind for a horse, and away they went, faster and faster, through the sky, laughing and singing all the way, till all of a sudden they stopped quite near the earth, over a beautiful garden.

“Oh, let’s jump out,” they all cried, as they heard the Birds singing, and saw the Flowers nodding and beckoning for them to come down; so they all began to jump from the cloud; first they went slowly, but soon they went faster and faster, and as they fell they said, “Patter! Patter!” which meant, “How do you do, little flowers and grasses! we have come to give you a drink of water.”

Well, some of them jumped into lily cups, and some fell among rose-leaves, and some ran away into the ground as fast as they could go. But the Drop which came from the river lay for a moment on the ground, not knowing just where to go. But soon it heard,

way down in the ground, a weak voice saying, "I've pushed, and I've pushed, and I've pushed, but the earth is so dry, I can't get up."

Then the Drop of Water put its little ear down to the earth and listened, and put its little eye down to the earth and peeped, and then put its little mouth down to the earth and called, just as loudly as it could, —

"What's the matter, little Blade of Grass?"

A tiny voice answered, —

"There is no one to give me a drink of water, and I am warm and tired, and I cannot push the earth away and get up to the sunlight."

So the Drop of Water began giving the Earth a drink, and the Earth began to grow moist and to give the Blade of Grass a drink, and the Blade of Grass began to lift its tender head slowly, until at last it pushed the earth away and jumped up into the sunlight.

Then the Drop of Water went down into a dark crack in the ground, for it wanted to help other grass blades or seeds to grow, and it rolled on and on, all the time giving so cheerfully that wherever it went it made everything happy.

At last it found, away down under the ground, a great many Drops of Water that were hurrying

toward the sea ; so they travelled on together many days, growing larger and larger as other drops joined them, till they again reached the sunshine and became a great river, flowing by large cities, turning mill-wheels and carrying ships safely onward.

After a very long journey, they entered the ocean, where the little Drop of Water found all the brothers and sisters it had left way back among the green fields before it went into the sky with the Sunbeam, for they too had been busy all the time in giving to make others happy.

They were so glad to meet again that they all had a very merry time ; and they danced and sang until the sun set and the stars came out to tell the Drops of Water, as they do the little children, that it was time to go to sleep ; so they wrapped their arms around each other, put on their white nightcaps and were soon far away in dreamland.

C. SCANDLIN.

THE LOST KNIFE.

THERE was once a little boy who had for a long time wished that he owned a knife.

To his great delight, on Christmas night, Santa Claus brought him a very nice one.

It was pearl-handled, with two blades. Freddie, for that was the little boy's name, kept it in his pocket all day long, and at night placed it under his pillow.

Now Freddie had a playfellow. This playfellow was not a little boy, but a big, shaggy dog called Ring, who was always ready for frolic. All the children loved Ring, for he was kind and pleasant with them.

When they played ball Ring liked to play too; and though he could not throw the ball he could catch it in his mouth, and the children thought *that* was great fun. One day Freddie came home from school looking very sad.

Mamma asked him if he were ill. No; he was not ill, but his knife was gone out of his pocket.

There was a little hole in the corner of the pocket, and the knife had slipped out. Freddie and his little

friends had searched everywhere, but no trace of the knife could be found.

Mamma said, "Perhaps Ring will help find it," and explained to Freddie that often dogs possess a strong sense of smell. So she called Ring and made him smell of Freddie's pocket, and gave the dog to understand that he was to find something that smelled just like the pocket.

"Bow, wow!" said Ring, and away he went, down through the garden and over into the field, for Freddie lived in the country where there were grasses and trees along the road to school.

He smelled the boy's tracks till he came to some bushes along the roadside, and here he stopped, for he was sure he had found something that smelled just like Freddie's pocket, so he took it between his teeth and scampered home.

Freddie was looking out of the window, and saw Ring coming up the path, and was overjoyed to see that he had the knife. "Bow, wow, wow!" said Ring, as he laid it down at his little master's feet.

Freddie was a happy little boy that night, and when he sat down to eat his supper he saved part of it for Ring.

NORTH WIND AND THE SUN.

FABLE.

THE North Wind and the Sun had a dispute one day, each thinking himself stronger than the other.

"See how strong I am," said the Wind; "I can make that great tree bend, and I can break the little flowers off their stems;" and North Wind went rushing and roaring about to show how strong he was.

"Yes," said the Sun; "but I can melt the ice, and help the flowers and trees to blossom. But see! here comes a man, climbing up the hill; he has a cloak on; now we will see which of us can make him take his cloak off. The one which does it will be the stronger. You may begin, Mr. North Wind."

So the Wind began to blow about the poor man. It pulled and tore at his coat and tried to get it off, and the Rain and Hail came and beat on the poor man and tried to help the Wind, but the harder it blew the tighter the man held his cloak about him.

"Now," said the Sun, "it is my turn."

So the Wind stopped blowing, and the Sun began to shine soft and warm on the poor man.

It dried his wet cloak, and soon he began to open it, and the Sun made him so warm he had to take his cloak wholly off; and soon his hat came off too, and then he was so warm he had to take all his clothes off and take a bath in the river.

So which was the stronger, the Wind or the Sun? Persuasion is better than force.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.



SPRING.

IT was in the early Spring.

The sun had melted the snow from the hill-tops; the green grass blades were pushing their way through the brown earth, and the leaf buds on the trees were beginning to break open and let the tiny green leaves peep out.

A Bee, waked from the deep sleep in which he had lain all through the long Winter, rubbed his eyes, and having waked his companions, opened the door and looked out to see if the Ice and Snow and the North Wind had gone away. Yes; there was the warm, clear sunshine over everything.

He slipped out of the hive, stretched his cramped wings and flew away.

He went to the Apple-Tree and asked, "Have you anything for a hungry Bee, who has eaten nothing the whole winter long?"

The Apple-Tree answered, —

"No; you have come too early; my blossoms are still buds, so I have nothing for you. Go to the Cherry-Tree."

He flew away to the Cherry-Tree and said, "Dear Cherry-Tree, have you any honey for us hungry Bees?"

The Cherry-Tree answered, —

"Come again to-morrow. To-day my blossoms are all shut up, but when they are opened you are welcome to them."

Then he flew to a bed of Tulips which he saw near; they had large, beautiful, many-colored flowers, but there was neither sweetness nor perfume in them and he could not find any honey.

Tired and hungry, the poor Bee turned to seek his home, when a tiny dark blue flower, nestled down beside a hedge, caught his eye.

It was a Violet that was all ready for the Bee's coming.

It opened to him its cup full of sweetness and per-

fume, and from it he drank his fill and carried much honey to the hive.



STORY OF A BEAN.

“**I** THINK I ought to be doing something in the world,” said a little voice, out in the garden one day.

“Pray, what can you do?” asked another and somewhat stronger voice.

“I think I can grow,” answered the little voice.

If you had seen the owner of the little voice, perhaps you would not have thought him anything remarkable.

It is true he had on a clean, white coat, so smooth and shining that it looked as if it had been newly starched and ironed, and inside of this he had two stout packages.

The coat had only one fastening, but this fastening extended a long way down the back and was a curious thing to see.

It looked just as if the coat had been cut with a knife and afterwards grown together again.

It was like a scar on your hand, and a scar it was called.

"Yes, I ought to be growing," said the little voice, "for I am a Bean, and in the Spring a Bean ought to grow."

Now you know how the coat came by its scar, for the scar was the spot that showed where the Bean had been and had been broken from the pod.

"What do you mean by growing?" asked the other voice, which came from a large red Stone.

"Why," said the Bean, "don't you know what growing means? I thought everything knew how to grow. You see, when I grow my root goes down into the soil to get moisture, and my stem goes up into the light to find heat. Heat and moisture are my food and drink. By and by I shall be a full-grown plant and that is wonderful. In the ground my roots travel far and wide; in the air how happy my stem will be! I shall learn a great deal and see beautiful things every day. Oh! I long for the time to come!"

"What you say is very strange," said the red Stone. "Here I have been in the same place for many years and I have not grown at all. I have no root, I have no stem, or if I have they never move upward or downward as you say. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Why, of course I'm not mistaken," cried the

Bean; "I feel within myself that I can grow, and I have absorbed so much moisture that I must soon begin."

Just then the Bean's coat split from end to end, and for one or two minutes neither the Stone nor the Bean spoke.

The Stone was astonished and the Bean a little bit frightened. However he soon recovered his courage.

"There," said he, showing the two packages he had been carrying, "these are my two seed-leaves; in them is the food on which I intend to live when I begin growing; when my stem is strong enough to do without them they will wither away. My coat is all worn out too, I shall not need it any longer; look inside the seed-leaves and you will see the germ; part of it is root and part stem; do you see?"

"I see two little white humps," said the Stone, "but I cannot understand how they will ever be a root and a stem."

"I do believe you are a poor, dull mineral after all," said the Bean, "and of course you cannot understand what pleasure a vegetable can have in growing. I would not be a mineral for the world. I would not lie still and do nothing year after year. I would spread my branches in the sunshine and drink in the sweet Spring air through my leaves."

"What you say must be all nonsense," said the Stone; "I cannot understand a word of it."

But the Bean grew on without minding him. The roots pushed down into the soil and drank up the moisture from the ground; then the moisture went up into the stem, and the stem climbed hourly into the light.

"How happy I am!" cried the Bean. It ran on the red Stone and clasped it with long green branches covered with white Bean flowers.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Stone. "So this is what you call growing, is it? I thought you were only in fun. How handsome you have grown!"

"Can I hang my pods on you, so that they can ripen in the sun?" said the Bean.

"Certainly, friend," said the Stone.

He was very polite now that the Bean was a full-grown plant.

THE ECHO.

“**H**OP! Hop! Hop!” shouted little Henry as he was playing in a field near the wood.

“Hop! Hop! Hop!” came an echo in reply.

“Who’s there?” asked Henry, for he had never heard an echo before.

“Who’s there?” replied the echo.

“Foolish fellow!” cried Henry at the top of his voice.

“Foolish fellow!” was the reply from the wood. At this Henry got very angry and called out many ugly names.

The voice from the wood repeated every word. Henry could not tell who it was speaking from the wood, so he ran home and told his father that a boy hid in the wood had called him bad names.

“Ah, Henry, you have heard nothing but the echo of your own words; the bad names came first from your own lips. Had you used kind and gentle words, you would have had kind and gentle words in return.”

“Remember that kind words bring back kind echoes.”

TEN PEAS IN A POD.

A LITTLE Seed lay in the moist, brown earth and talked to itself.

“Oh, how dark it is! How I wish I could see! How queer I feel! I think I am swelling! I’m afraid I shall burst my coat. There, I knew I should! Pop! It’s burst sure enough!”

The little Seed put out a pale green shoot and a little green rootlet, but she kept on talking.

“I can put out my arm and my foot. I am glad the old coat burst—I feel free and—why, now my little arm is pushing—push! push! I do believe I am going up out of my brown bed. Hurrah! I am going to see the light!”

“It is lighter—it is quite light—Hurry! Hurry!” The little shoot pierced the brown clod, and if you had been there you might have heard it as it cried out,—

“Oh, how lovely this is! What beautiful clouds! Is that the sun? Good morning, splendid Sun! And what is that music? It’s a bird, a brown bird! Good morning, Thrush. A pear blossom is dropping on my head. Good morning, Pear Blossom. Oh! how happy I am.”

The pale Shoot opened its tiny hands, and for pure joy shook its tiny green leaves out of their beds.

Just then a little boy came down the garden path. He had a rake, a hoe and a wheelbarrow.

"Oh, mamma," he shouted, "see! see! a little Plant has come up in my garden."

"What kind of a seed is it, Arthur?"

"A Pea, I think, mamma; I planted them a week ago to-day."

"We will watch this little Plant," said mamma, "the first to come up; and we will watch it and see what happens to it."

So Arthur ran to the house and brought mamma a bit of scarlet wool, which she tied around the Plant.

The days flew by very joyously to the little Plant. Around it grew its brothers and sisters. They too had burst their coats and spread their green leaves.

They stood in shining rows with curling tendrils and swelling buds.

Every morning early the little boy came out to look at them.

One day he was sure he heard the little Plant say softly, —

"I think I am going to have a blossom — a lovely pink and white blossom. Little Bud, I must hold you up to the sun. Grow, little Bud, grow fast!"

And when he came next day, there was the pink and white flower with wings outspread as if to fly.

"Oh! mamma! mamma! my Plant has a blossom; may I touch it? May I pick it?"

"No," said mamma; "you must let it be and watch it every day. Perhaps you will then find something else by and by."

Soon the pink and white petals began to grow brown. The little Plant mourned. "What shall I do? My blossom is fading. But something better is coming—a tiny pod. Fall, little petals! Let the pretty pod grow and grow in the glad, bright sunshine."

"Mamma," said Arthur, "the first flower has fallen," and then she showed him the tiny pod.

Fast fell the petals from the shining rows; larger, larger, rounder grew the green pods; and one morning Arthur's mamma came with her scissors and one by one cut off the plump, full pods and put them in her pocket.

Arthur picked the first pod and tied around it a scarlet thread. They sat on the piazza and opened the pods.

In the little pod with the scarlet thread he counted one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten little balls.

So mamma made a tiny bag of fine netting for the ten peas and dropped them into the boiling water. "Bubble, bubble, bubble," sang the water; dance, dance, dance, went the peas.

And when Arthur sat down to dinner, there in the centre of the dish of peas was the little bag of netting.

"What have we here?" asked papa.

"The peas from my vine," shouted Arthur.

Then mamma cut the netting and out rolled the peas into a saucer.

Our Little Men and Women. Lothrop Pub. Co.



NOT A BUSY BEE.

AT the lower end of a large, old-fashioned garden stood a row of beehives.

In one of these hives lived a Bee who did not like to work.

It belonged to the *Working-Bees*. It was always wishing it had been born a Drone, for the Drones have nothing to do all day but fly out with the Queen Bee when she wishes to take the air. But this discontented Bee was *not a Drone*, and so the others would not allow it to be idle. Its work was to gather the material for making wax, and this it did not like

at all. This Bee had some nice brushes on its legs for sweeping the pollen off the flowers it visited, and two nice baskets on its hind legs for storing it away, and it could fly all over the garden to the flowers it liked best; but the truth was, it was too lazy to exert itself much; and it would fly about so slowly its neighbors would empty twice as many baskets as it did.

It was often scolded for its idleness, and often another Bee, finding it moping on a rosebush, would drive it to work.

As it was not busy, of course it was miserable and unhappy.

One day this idle Bee made up its mind that it would not work at all, so it flew off by itself until it came to a beautiful Nasturtium which had a long tube of honey. In a most polite tone it said, "My dear Flower, as I see that your door is wide open, I hope you will allow me to come in and rest and spend the day with you; I am so tired."

"Rest," said the Nasturtium, "why, the day has only begun. I have no place for all the bees that come. Please leave my door free."

"Hard-hearted Flower," hummed the Bee, "I always thought orange was a cold color. I will try this soft, white Lily."

More graciously than before it spoke, —

“Dear Lily, you have a kind heart; will you give me a place to rest for the day?”

“But you ought to be working,” said the Lily; “everybody has some work to do. I will give you some of my best yellow pollen to carry home, but that is all I can do for you.”

“No, thank you,” said the Bee. “These cultivated flowers have such high notions. Now that little Red Clover in the grass has the best honey of any of them, and she will surely befriend a poor, tired Bee.”

It flew straight into the heart of the Clover without so much as saying, “By your leave.”

After some time the Clover began to be angry and said, —

“What are you doing here so long, lazy Bee? I am not able to fill my honey-jar while you are here; if you want any honey fly off with it.” And she shook her head so violently that the idle Bee had to fly away for safety.

It crawled on the ground to a melon patch, but the gardener's hose drove it away.

“There does not seem to be any place for me,” sighed the Bee; “I will crawl under the plank and rest a minute.”

It did not hear the gardener coming along the plank, and the man did not know that there was a Bee under the plank. He put his foot on it, and the Bee suddenly found itself in a dark, lonely hole in the ground.

It buzzed round and round, vainly trying to get out, but could find no opening anywhere, and did not know as it would ever see the birds and flowers again.

It thought of the bright, warm sunshine, of the merry breezes and beautiful flowers; and the poor Bee thought within himself, "How gladly would I now fill my honey-baskets and work all the day with my brothers and sisters," and strange to say, at that moment the gardener lifted the heavy plank away, and the Bee flew swiftly to the garden, anxious to see how many times it could fill its baskets with honey before sunset.

WHAT ROBIN SAW.

ROBIN was a little boy with blue eyes, bright, rosy cheeks and soft, curling hair.

One day he lay out in the orchard under an apple-tree; the west wind blew softly, up above his head bees were busy in the soft white blossoms, and little white clouds went sailing by.

"Oh, dear," sighed Robin to himself, "how I wish I had an apple!"

"So you shall have one, if you will come with me," said a funny little voice close to his elbow. Robin started, for there stood the tiniest old woman you ever saw, dressed all in red, and having on a large white cap.

"I come from the Red country," said she, "and where I live apples and cherries are ripe all the time, and the birds all have red breasts, and the sun always wraps himself at night in fleecy red blankets. Oh! the Red country is a very nice place for little boys. Will you come with me, Robin?"

Before Robin could open his mouth, another little voice spoke from behind him, and turning quickly, he saw a tiny old woman dressed all in blue.

"Come with me to the Blue country," she said; "I

will show you the merry bluebirds that come in the springtime. You shall gather all the blueberries you want, and violets and forget-me-nots grow everywhere."

"Is it far away?" asked Robin.

"No; very near," said the little Blue woman, "for you have only to close your eyes three times and then open them—look about, for there you are."

"Wait a moment, please," said something down among the grasses, "let me speak, too," and the very tiniest old woman of all stood before him.

"My home is the Yellow country; there the sunshine always stays, and pears and peaches grow large and fine; there the yellowbirds fly about, and the ground is covered with dandelions and buttercups. Come with me, little Robin."

"But sometimes I should like an apple, and blueberries are so good," said Robin.

Then the three little old women talked together, while Robin looked and waited.

At last the little Red woman said, "You shall go with each of us. My Blue sister will show you where the blueberries grow. In my Yellow sister's country you shall fill your hands with buttercups; while from me you shall have ripe, red apples."

Then said the little Blue woman, smiling, "There

is a part of my country that touches my Red sister's land that we call the Purple country, and there rich grapes grow; then, too, another part touches my Yellow sister's country; there the leaves and grass are always fresh, and we call that part the Green country."

Then the tiny Yellow woman spoke, "There is one more country, where my land touches my Red sister's, there oranges grow, and that is called the Orange country."

"I like oranges," Robin said; "let us go quickly."

"Only little people who keep their eyes open will be able to find us," said the little old woman. "You have only to shut your eyes and open them three times. Now—One! Two!! Three!!!"

And Robin opened his eyes and saw only the sweet, white apple-blossoms; the little old women were gone.

Ever after Robin kept his eyes open to find to what country all the birds and flowers belonged.

MARIAN COLBURN.

[As preparation for this story three pipe dolls may be dressed, one in red, one in blue, one in yellow, with caps.]

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

OUT in the country, where the grass was green, a Duck was sitting upon her nest, waiting for her eggs to hatch.

She had been sitting on the eggs for many days, and had grown very tired, and longed to take a run with her friends in the grass, and have a good swim in the water.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open, and in the eggs were little creatures that stuck out their heads and cried,—

“Peep! Peep!”

“How wide the world is!” the baby Ducks exclaimed, as they opened their eyes and tried to stand on their feet.

“Yes, the world is, indeed, a large place,” the old Duck said, as she stood up and looked about her. “Such a very large place, my children, that I never yet have seen the whole of it, But dear, dear, there is still another egg to hatch; the largest one is still left! I am really tired of this long waiting.”

“Believe me,” said the old Duck, who had come to pay her a visit, “that is not a duck’s egg that is left in the nest, and you had better not try to hatch

it. It is too large and not the same shape as the rest. Let it be there and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Mother Duck.

So she once more covered the egg with her warm feathers and waited patiently till "Peep! Peep!" said the last little one, as it crept forth to join the rest. It was very large and very ugly.

The mother looked at it.

"Can it really be a Duckling?" she said. "But we shall soon find out, for I will take them all to the water to-morrow and see if it will swim with the rest."

Next day the sun shone warm and bright, and the Mother Duck took all her little ones to the water.

"Quack! Quack!" she said, and they all jumped, one after another, into the water, the ugly gray one among the rest.

"There! it is a Duckling after all," the Mother Duck said proudly. "Look; how well it can use its legs—it is not so ugly after all—Quack! Quack! come with me, now, and I will take you to the farmyard; but you must keep close to me, and mind you do not get trodden on."

And as they came into the farmyard where there

was much noise and confusion, the hens cackling, the roosters crowing, the dogs barking and all together, the little Ducklings were quite frightened.

They kept as close to their mother as they could, but, alas! for the little one who came from the last egg. He was so large and awkward that all the Ducks and Geese laughed at him, and one of them was so unkind that he picked him with his sharp bill, so after running here and there, and trying in vain to hide away, the Ugly Duckling flew over the fence and ran away from the farmyard as fast as he could. He kept running, on and on, till he came to an open field where some *Wild* Ducks lived, and he tried to make friends with these, but they did not like strangers, and only laughed at him because he was so ugly; so, at last, tired out and very sad, he hid himself under a tree and fell asleep.

Next day the Duckling left the fields, and after running a long way, came to a little house where an old woman lived with a pet Cat and Hen.

As the door was open the Duckling started to walk in, but as soon as the Cat and Hen caught sight of him they ran to him and said,—

“Why, who are you, that you come into our house without knocking?”

And the little stranger answered,—

"I am only the Ugly Duckling, but I am looking for a home."

"Can you lay eggs and say Cluck, Cluck?" asked the Hen.

"Can you purr and curve your back?" asked the Cat.

"Alas!" replied the Ugly Duckling, "I can do neither of those things, but I can swim on the water and dive down deep for the worms at the bottom of the pond."

"Oh, well! if you can do nothing but swim and dive, we do not want you here, and you had better run away to the water as fast as you can," the Cat and the Hen said as they closed the door.

So the poor little Duckling once more started out to find a home. He went to the water and dived, but he was slighted by every creature because of his ugliness.

The winter now came, and it was very, very cold. The Duckling had to live in the river, and dive down to the bottom for food, for he had no one to love him and give him a home, and one night the ice froze around him so hard that he could not get out, and he thought he must freeze to death.

But in the morning a man who was passing by stopped and broke the ice that was holding him, and

set the Duckling free, so he roamed about during the long winter and looked for food.

At last the cold weather passed away, and the spring, with its sunny days, came back. And all at once the Duckling found out that he had grown large and strong, and that he could fly through the air.

So, with a happy heart, he flew about in the sunshine, and at last came to a garden. On its banks and from some bushes came three beautiful Swans; they rustled their wings and swam lightly on the water.

The Ugly Duckling looked at them with delight, and said to himself, —

“I will fly close to the banks and tell them how beautiful they are — surely they will not be unkind to me though I am ugly.”

So he flew to the water's edge, but what was it that he saw in the water? He beheld his own image; but, lo! he was no longer a clumsy, dark, gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a Swan.

And the great Swans in the water swam to him and stroked him with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children who threw bread and corn into the water, and the youngest one cried, —

"Oh! there is a new one," and the other children shouted joyously, —

"Yes! and the new one is the most beautiful of all."

Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart, —

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling."



THE BUNCH OF KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks each day for me.

When evening comes, "Good night," I say,
And close the door of each new day.

If friends give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key.

When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

If by mistake some harm I do,
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too.

On a golden ring these keys I bind,
This is the motto, "Be ye kind."

FROM MISS HOOPER'S KINDERGARTEN, APPLETON STREET.

THE DISCONTENTED WEATHERCOCK.

CAN any one tell me what a village is? It is not like a big city, there are only two stores, a meat market and a tiny church. Yes; it is like a very little baby city.

See how tiny the houses are; they are so very small that one cannot call them houses, but huts. In these huts fishermen live, men who go out on the water in small boats, and catch fish for themselves and their children to eat; then they send them to the big cities. These fishermen cannot go out to sea every day, for sometimes the wind blows very hard indeed, and the water is very rough, so rough that the little boats would get filled with water so that they could not live on the water, but might sink.

On the top of that little church is a Weather-Vane; it shows just how the wind blows, whether from the North, South, East or West. Every morning the fishermen look at the Weather-Vane, and if the Vane points from the shore they bring in their little boats, up on the sand, and find something to keep them busy until the Vane turns around and points *to* the shore, when they get in their boats and

go away. This little Weather-Vane noticed how every one watched him and depended on what he said, and he grew very conceited, and thought himself the most important thing in the village.

One night after all the fishermen had looked at the Vane and gone into their huts, and one by one the lights had gone out, until it was all very dark, the Wind came along and gave the Vane a very hard push and said, "Turn! Turn! Turn!" but the Vane did not move, and again the Wind gave him another push and said, "Turn, Weather-Vane." "No," said the Vane, "I am not going to turn; I am the most important thing in the village, and what are you, anyway? Only a breeze, and nobody cares for you." So the Vane did not turn, and the Wind went to the trees and said to the boughs, "Turn!" and the tree turned and shook its boughs, but the Vane would not turn. Then the Wind gave it a wrench and it fell to the ground, broken in many places.

Morning came; the fishermen came out and looked at the church, but the Vane was not there; so they looked at the trees and saw the boughs all swinging away from the shore, so pulled their boats out and sailed away, and no one thought of the poor, broken Vane, bruised and broken on the ground. By and by a man came along and put in nails and

mended it, and then put it in its place again on top of the church spire. And there the Vane stood, and thought he would turn when the Wind told him to, for the fishermen could get along without him, and he was not so important after all.

MRS. NORDLAND, San Francisco, Cal.



WISE OLD DOBBIN.

THERE were two little children, Harry and Annie, who lived in the country in a big old house.

Their father was a farmer, and ploughed his ground in the spring, then planted his seeds, and had corn, wheat, and potatoes and all kinds of vegetables in return for his work. They had three horses; two the children did not know very well, but old Dobbin was such a wise, gentle, old horse, that Harry and Annie loved him very much indeed. When he was in the stable they would go quite near him, and call "Dobbin," and Dobbin would turn his head and see if they had a piece of salt for him or perhaps some sugar. Sometimes when Papa went to market to sell his potatoes and corn he would drive old Dobbin, then Harry and Annie always wanted to go, for Dobbin

was so kind Papa would let them hold the reins. One day Papa came in and said that if they could get ready very quickly he would take them to drive, as he must see about some potatoes that he wanted to sell. It did not take the children very long to find their hats and coats, and soon they were in the carriage with Papa, and away they went. Down a little hill, then out through the big gate into the nice shady road they went, where it was so pretty and cool. You know, in the country the houses are not very near together, and there are a great many trees all along the road. So they drove on and on, by the mill where the great wheel was going round and round grinding up the corn, over the bridges, by the great fields where the farmers were cutting the hay, then down to the village among the stores. Papa went to the Post-Office and got his letters, then to the grocer's and bought some sugar and tea and other things which Mamma had sent for.

Then they started for home, and had gone but a little way when old Dobbin began to walk very lame, and Papa thought he must have hurt his foot on a sharp stone. So they stopped, and Papa got out to see, and found Dobbin had lost his shoe. Back they went very carefully, for it hurt Dobbin very much to walk without his shoes, and stopped at

the blacksmith's. He took Dobbin's foot right up and fitted a shoe very nicely, and Dobbin was so glad to have a new shoe again that he took them home very fast. Then Papa put him in the stall, but did not tie him, for he would not run away.

A few days after this Papa took Dobbin again, and of course the children went too. This time it was to a farmer's, way back in the country, and they drove by the shining river, winding in and out through the woods and the great fields. Harry and Annie both drove a little. Papa saw the farmer, and they were nearly home, when Dobbin walked lame again, and Papa found that another shoe had come off. They drove home very slowly and carefully, as Papa could not take Dobbin to get a new shoe that day, but he would very early in the morning.

Dobbin was put in the stable and given a nice drink, and Harry and Annie went to play. Annie thought of poor Dobbin without any shoe, and knew it must hurt him very much, so asked her Mamma for a big lump of sugar for Dobbin. She found the barn door open and looked in, but Dobbin was not there. She went back and told Mamma to send a man to tell Papa that Dobbin was not in the barn. Papa said that he had not seen Dobbin, and feared that he had run away. So down the road he went,

asking every one he met if they had seen a lame white horse. One man said he saw him going towards the village. Papa hurried to the village, and as he went by the blacksmith's he looked in, and what do you suppose he saw? Why, old Dobbin standing there having a new shoe put on. The blacksmith said he saw old Dobbin coming up to the door all alone, and went out to see what it meant, when old Dobbin lifted up his foot and looked at him as much as to say, "I have lost my shoe; won't you give me a new one?" The blacksmith said, "Why, has Dobbin lost a shoe?" and Dobbin nodded his head as much as to say, "Yes." "Shall I put a new one on, Dobbin?" and again Dobbin nodded his head. So the blacksmith took him in and put on a new shoe. Then Papa took him home to Harry and Annie. Do you not think that he was a very wise old Dobbin to remember where his shoemaker lived and go there all alone and ask so plainly for a new shoe?

THE WOODPECKER.

NOW I am going to tell you a story with a big secret in it, and I want you to see if you can guess what it is so I will not have to tell you.

Once there were three little girls, Alice, Mamie and Grace, who lived in a big house in the country, where there were a great many trees near the house.

One night a very dear Aunt came to see them, and they thought of all the good times they would have with her. The best of all was in the early morning, when they jumped out of bed and ran scampering through the hall, gave a big knock at Auntie's door, then ran and jumped into bed with her and had such a frolic. But this time Auntie said, "Children, I am very tired to-night, and I do not want you to come and wake me early in the morning; so you will not come and knock on my door, will you?" Of course the children said, "No." The next morning very early, what do you suppose the children's Auntie heard! (Children guess.) No; but a noise like this. (Knocking on the floor.) She thought it very strange, for the children were usually so good, doing just what she asked them, that she could not understand

it. Again she heard the knocking, and said, "Come in!" in a very sleepy tone, but no one came. She thought this was very strange, and jumped out of bed and opened the door, but there were no children, yet she heard the knocking. It sounded as though it came from the room, so she closed the door and came back into the room. She looked under the bed—nothing there; behind the bureau—saw nothing, but heard again the little knocking. She looked in the closet—nothing there. Then she thought it came from the window; she looked out into the great tree that grew so near the house, and what do you think she saw? Yes; a woodpecker, throwing back his long bill making a nest. Then Auntie laughed as hard as she could, when she saw who it was that ~~was~~ was knocking. Then she heard a great pattering of little feet and a big lively knock at the door, and in ran the children. "We knew you were awake, Auntie; we heard you laugh so hard. What was it? We were just as quiet as could be." She told them, and they ran to the window to see the bird at his carpenter's work, then ran downstairs and begged Mary to give them some crumbs to scatter on the ground for the birds.

What other birds came beside the woodpecker, do you suppose? Yes; sparrows and pigeons. How

does the woodpecker build his nest and out of what?

Yes; wood.

TOLD BY MISS HOOPER.



THE BIRDIE THAT TRIED.

WOULD you like to hear the story of two little girls who lived away out in the country? They lived with their mamma and papa, in a little white house among the trees, where they could hear the birds sing and watch all the beautiful wild flowers blossom through the spring and summer. In the autumn they could pick the fruit, and watch for Jack Frost to open the chestnut burrs and let the little nuts drop on the ground for the little boys and girls or squirrels. But what I want to tell you about is something they saw one morning in June.

The birds had come from down South long ago, and the Robins seemed to think that the cherry-tree in front of the house was such a fine place for them that they used to fly out and in all day long. Now, the room where Nellie and Katie slept had a window that looked directly in among the branches of this

cherry-tree; and how they did enjoy watching the Robins.

You may be sure that they were very happy when they saw one morning that two Robins had decided, after a great deal of hunting about, that there could not be a better place for building a little nest for their babies than this same cherry-tree. So they began to hunt for hay and straw and bits of string for their nest; and, day after day, the little girls watched them until it was all finished, and then the Mamma Robin laid four beautiful little eggs in it. (The children saw them one morning when the mamma bird left them for a few moments.)

While she sat there, patiently waiting for the little birdies to come out, the proud papa bird sat on a branch near by and sang her a song, and went hunting around to find for her, as well as for himself, something very nice for breakfast.

Two long weeks the Mamma Robin sat there, and then there was a faint little "Peep!" under there, and then another, until four baby birdies were ready, with their open mouths, to have their breakfast, too, and how hard the papa and mamma had to work to find enough for them to eat.

And how fast the funny bare little baby birdies grew, until their feathers and wings were well grown

and they were so large that there was barely room for them all in the nest.

And now, at last, I am going to tell you what happened.

One morning, after Katy was dressed and had pulled up the curtains to look at the birds, as she always did, she called out to her mamma and Nellie, "Oh! come here, quick! There are only three birds in the nest! Where do you suppose the other one is?"

Mamma came quickly, and then said, "We will all go downstairs and out under the tree and perhaps we can find it."

So they all hurried down, and the first thing they heard was a loud noise that the papa and mamma birds were making, as they flew about wildly, from the tree to the fence and back again. Nellie cried, "What is the matter with them?" "Let us look on the ground and see if we can find the baby bird," said mamma. They did not have to look far, for close by, under the tree, where he had fallen from the nest, was the poor birdie, with his feathers all ruffled up, and his head almost buried among them.

"Oh! what shall we do to help him?" said Kate. But mamma said: "Wait and watch; perhaps he can help himself. Listen to the old Robins; they are

saying, 'Fly! Fly! Fly!' and are showing him how. Do you see him? And he is trying to use his wings." So they all kept very still and watched and listened, and sure enough the birdie *did* try. He could fly only a little way the first time, just up to the very lowest rail of the fence, but he kept on trying, and the next time he went almost to the top and then to the lowest branch of a tree, and so up to his nest again. And after he had found out that he had wings and could use them, he flew away every day and found his own breakfast, and before very long his brothers and sisters went, too, for they were sure that if he could fly they could fly, too.

[Sing "Two Robin Redbreasts in their Nest."]



STORY OF AN ACORN.

ONCE there was a little Acorn on an old oak-tree, and the rain fell upon it, and the sun shone on it, the wind tossed it, all to please the little Acorn and help it to grow. The Acorn looked out on the world all day long and saw a great many things. How the great oak was beloved, how useful it was; people loved to stop beneath it, school children loved to play in its shadow, meek old cows

came there for shelter, the little birds loved to sing among its branches; and the little Acorn said, "I wish I could do good to everybody as the tree does, but I am only a little Acorn; I can only sit here and swing. The North Wind comes a long way and sees a great deal, perhaps he could know of something a little Acorn could do." So the next time the North Wind came along she said, "Oh! North Wind, do you know of anything a little Acorn could do to help somebody?"

The North Wind gave her a friendly toss and said, "Be content and grow." Said the Acorn, "I will ask the East Wind." When the East Wind came by she said, "Oh! East Wind, do you know of any good a little Acorn can do?" The East Wind answered rather roughly, "Stay where you are and grow." So when the South Wind came, the Acorn said, "Oh! South Wind, do you know of any good such a little Acorn can do?" The South Wind kissed her and said, "Stay right here, dear, and grow." When the West Wind passed by, she asked him, "Oh! West Wind, do you not know of something I can do?" The West Wind answered, "Stay right there in your cup and grow." So the little Acorn sat, day after day, on the bough and grew, and grew, till one day there came a great wind and shook

her off, and tossed her far away upon the ground. "Now," said the frightened little thing, "here's an end of me and all my aspirations! I do so want to do something, but here I am upon the ground, and in a hole, too, and not able to help even myself; I shall soon be covered up and forgotten." The wind blew the leaves and the dirt over her, and the rain beat her down still farther into the earth, till she was quite out of sight. "This, then," she said, "is my grave." But the sun warmed the spot, and the rain moistened it, and soon the little Acorn felt a strange, wonderful life swelling within her, till she cried out, "Oh! my heart, how you reach upward!" and two bright green leaves pushed up above the ground, and farther up to make room for more, till at last the little Acorn found that she had become a tree, and was dearly loved by those she was able to shelter and comfort.

Adapted from American Kindergartner.

THE HEN HAWK.

ONE morning old Mother Hen went out for a walk, to show her children the world. "Now you must keep very close to me," she said, "for the world is very large and you might get lost; then there are some very large birds that fly high up in the air, who like to come down and carry little Birds and Chickens away. If you hear me call you must run just as fast as you can." Then she led them out into the barnyard, and on into the fields. They had gone but a little way, when the old Mother Hen saw a huge bird flying around in circles over them and coming nearer. She called loudly, "Cluck! Cluck!" and all the little Chickens but one ran as fast as they could and hid under the mother's wings. This little one waited just a minute to find a fat little worm, when the cruel bird flew down and caught him in his beak to carry him off. Just then Mr. Barlow and Harry came by, out for a walk. Harry heard the noise the poor little Chicken was making, and ran up to the big bird, shouting as loud as he could. The big bird was frightened and flew away and left behind him the little Chicken which had stayed away from its mamma.

The Chicken was very much hurt but still alive. "Look!" said Harry; "that cruel creature has almost killed this little Chicken. I will put it right in my bosom and carry it home, and I will give it part of my dinner to-day and every day until it is able to get some dinner for itself." So he carried the Chicken home very gently and put it in a basket on some fresh straw, and gave it some water and some bread. This he did every day until the Chicken was perfectly well. The little Chicken was so grateful to Harry for caring for it so gently and kindly that it grew very fond of him and would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder and eat crumbs from his hand.

Arranged from "Sandford and Merton."



TAMING THE PIG.

TOMMY saw how fond the Chicken was of Harry, and Mr. Barlow told him he could tame animals if he was kind to them and treated them gently and gave them something to eat. So one day Tommy took a large slice of bread in his hand and went out to see if he could find some animal to give it to. The first thing he met was a little

pig, that had wandered away from its mother, and was lying in the sunshine. He called to it, "Pig! Pig! Pig! Come here!" But the pig could not understand him, and the noise made it run away. Tommy thought the Pig very ungrateful, and said, "If you do not know your friends, then I must teach you." He ran after the little Pig, and caught it by the hind legs and was going to give it the bread; but the little Pig did not like to be treated that way, and began squeaking very loudly, so that its mother and brothers and sisters came running to see what was the matter.

Tommy did not know how to take care of so many, so he dropped the Pig's leg, and the Pig started to run away. It ran right between Tommy's legs and sat him down in a puddle of water, and the Mother Pig walked over him, so that he was dirty from his head to his heels. This made Tommy very angry, for he had meant to be kind to the Pig, and he thought this was very ungrateful treatment; so he caught the Mother Pig by her hind leg, and frightened her so that she dragged Tommy quite a long way—right among some Geese, which began cackling and making a dreadful noise. One of them, an old Gander, who felt quite brave, walked up to Tommy and hit him several times with his bill. Now Tommy began

to be frightened, and let go of the pig and began to scream as loudly as any of them.

This brought Mr. Barlow, who asked what was the matter, for Tommy looked like a chimney-sweep with his clothes all black and his hands and face as well. "I was trying to tame a pig," said Tommy. "I wanted to have it love me." Mr. Barlow told him to go and wash himself, and then he would talk with him. When he came back, he told him that he did not tell him to catch the Pig by its hind legs, but that he must know something about Pigs or animals before he tried to tame them or he would get more badly hurt than he did.

✧ Arranged from "Sandford and Merton."



FIVE PEAS IN ONE POD.

ONCE there were five Peas growing in one pod. The Peas were green, the pod was green, the vine was green, the leaves were green, and they thought the whole world was green. The warm sun shone on the vine; the summer rain watered it. The shell grew larger and the Peas grew bigger and bigger.

"Are we to lie here, cooped up forever?" asked one.

"I am tired of it," said another.

"I fear we shall become hard," said a third.

"I want to see what there is outside," said a fourth; while the fifth, a very little Pea, cried because he could not get out.

At length the vine turned yellow, the pod turned yellow, and the Peas turned yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow," said the Peas with one voice.

Then there came an earthquake; the pod burst open with a crack, and all five Peas rolled out into the yellow sunshine. A little boy clutched them, and said that they were fine Peas for his pea-shooter. He put the biggest one into his gun, and shot it out.

"Catch me if you can," said the big Pea.

"I shall fly straight into the sun," said the next one.

"I shall travel farthest," said the third Pea.

"Let me alone," said the fourth.

"What is to be will be," said the little Pea, as he shot up and lodged in an empty flower-pot, in the window of a room where lay a poor sick girl.

Pretty soon the Pea sprouted, and began to grow up into a beautiful vine.

"Dear Mother, I think I shall get well," said the little girl one day, "for my Pea is growing famously."

"God grant it," said the mother; and she took a stick and tied a string to it, so that the green vine might have something to cling to.

After many days there stood a beautiful pink Pea-blossom, smiling in the warm sunshine. The little girl kissed it softly, and said, "Now I am sure I am going to get well."

ADAPTED FROM HANS ANDERSEN.



LITTLE LAMMIE.

ONCE there was a little girl who fell down on the ice and hurt herself so badly that she could never walk again. She lived on a farm where there was a flock of sheep, and it had been her delight to play with the little lambs. There was one little lamb that she called her pet, and she begged her mother to let it be brought into her chamber. So her mother brought the little lamb and put it on the bed, and Lucy, for that was the name of the little girl, let it drink out of her hand and fed it with soft bread. Every day it was brought in, till it learned the way and came itself. It knew

Lucy's voice, and would come when she called it from the window beside which her bed stood. It was a low window, and a pretty lawn surrounded the house, so that Lucy could always see the green grass and the dandelions and buttercups and red clover blossoms. And when she called her pet, whose name was Lammie, it would come bounding across the fields and put its head into Lucy's hand, and then it would nibble the green grass, but it would not eat the buttercups, for they made its mouth smart. The dandelions are very sweet, and it liked to eat those, and clovers seemed to have sugar at the end of their blossoms where they stand in the cup that holds the little flowers.

Lucy longed to run races with Lammie, but she was a good little girl and loved her mother, and did not wish her to be unhappy about her poor little girl who could not walk, so she never complained. She loved her Heavenly Father, because He had given her such a kind mother and made such a beautiful world for people to live in. She loved the beautiful blue sky and the white clouds that the sun shone upon, and when night came she liked to look up at the stars and the bright moon.

Lammie grew larger and larger every day, and often came into the room and stood by the bed; but little

lambs are not always polite, and Lucy's lamb sometimes ate the food prepared for Lucy without saying, "Please may I have it?" Lammies cannot understand words, but they can understand sweet voices like Lucy's, and when Lucy patted her lamb on the head, Lammie would lay its head down on the hand very lovingly and look up at her with its pretty eyes, as much as to say, "I love you." Lucy always had a wisp of fresh grass and dandelions for it when it came into the room, for that was the proper food for Lammies. It did not like to have any one touch Lucy, and when it grew very large and strong, it would push the children away with its head if they came near the bed, and sometimes throw them down. Beasts do not know any better. They cannot be taught good manners as little children can. At last it began to push away Lucy's mamma, and one day Lucy said to her mother, "Mamma, I think Lammie had better not come into the room any more. It can play with me at the window and I will feed it there, but I cannot have it push away my good mamma, for I love her better than I do Lammie—I wish she had never grown up—for now it is a great sheep and had better live out of doors."

So every one in the house tried to keep the doors shut, but it was very difficult in warm weather, and

Lammie would often get in and find its way to Lucy's room, and push the children about with its pretty head. At last Lucy's papa had to sell it to another farmer many miles away. Sheep are not like dogs. Dogs can always find their way back to their masters, if they are carried ever so far off, but sheep cannot. But Lammie really loved Lucy, and the farmer who bought it told Lucy one day that the lamb would not eat for many days after he carried it home, and lost so much flesh that they thought it would not live. He had been told that it fed every day out of Lucy's hand, so one day he thought he would feed it out of his hand, and the poor unhappy Lammie was so hungry that it ate out of the farmer's hand every day, and grew fat and well again, and after a while was quite contented to stay with the old sheep and nibble grass.

One day the farmer went to see Lucy again, and while he was sitting by her bed, telling stories about her Lammie, he took from under his coat a dear little lamb and laid it on the bed by Lucy's side. She screamed with joy when she saw it, for it seemed to be her little pet lamb again. The farmer said, "It is your Lammie's baby, and I have brought it to you for a pet. Should you like to keep it?" "Oh! Thank you, thank you," said Lucy; "it would make me so

happy, for I have missed my little Lammie so much." Then little Lucy cried bitterly, "Oh! I have missed my little Lammie so much, but I did not want dear mother to know it." So the dear little girl had grieved for her pet without saying anything about it, lest her mother should feel unhappy for her. Now she was delighted to have another little pet that could lie on her bed and feed out of her hand and cup.

Lucy could not get well. She had a great deal of pain, and at last the good Heavenly Father took her soul out of her poor broken body, and it went to live with Him in the beautiful Heaven, where there is no pain. There must be a flock of sheep, and flowers, and everything beautiful in that heavenly land, but we are sorry when little children get hurt so badly that they cannot live in this beautiful world till they are grown up. Our bodies are made just right for us to live in, and we must learn to take care of them, else they will give us a great deal of pain as Lucy's did. If Lucy had minded her mother, she would not have fallen on the ice and broken both her legs.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. MANN.

STORY OF BUZZY.

ONCE there was a little Bee, named Buzzy, who lived in a garden where there were a great many beautiful flowers. His mamma's name was Mrs. Queen, and she had more children than she could count. Buzzy had more than three thousand brothers and not one little sister.

As Mrs. Queen was the only lady in the house, and many of her children were too little to help themselves, she used to call on Buzzy's eldest brothers to help make the cribs for the baby Bees; and then, too, they often had to feed the little ones. Each little baby had a crib all to himself, and as the little cribs all had six sides and were made of wax, you may know that everybody had all they could do to make beds.

Some of Buzzy's brothers were lazy. They would not work. They flew and crawled about, and ate honey, but Buzzy never saw any of them try to make honey or wax either. When Buzzy was first born he did not look at all like the Bees you have seen. He was a little white worm, with large white eyes, and his mouth was like a caterpillar's. In his side were two little holes for him to breathe through, for Buzzy could not breathe through his mouth.

For seven days Buzzy lived in this queer little body, in the crib where his mother had put him. He could crawl about very little, but managed to eat all the honey his brothers had put into his crib for him.

After a week had passed, something very strange happened. Some of the old Bees told the little worm to creep into a warm snug corner and go to sleep. Buzzy was glad enough to mind them, for he felt tired and sick. Then the little brother came and covered him all up, head, eyes and body, with nice clean wax. The covering was so tight that he could not move. He stayed in the little six-sided crib, feeling very sleepy and quiet, for ten days.

At the end of that time Buzzy's brothers thought he had rested long enough. They took off the wax sheets and blankets they had fastened him up with, and gave him some very nice food. He was glad to get it, for he was very hungry after the ten days. Then he began to grow. Instead of the poor little white worm that had gone to sleep in the six-sided crib, he found he had a new suit of clothes of many colors growing out all over him, and that he was changed into a bee with white, gauzy wings.

First he began scratching the wax off his body, then he looked at himself all over; then he walked about, to see if his legs were all right, for before he

could only crawl. But the thing that pleased him most was the change that had taken place near his wings. He lifted them up and down and shook them; but he had very little room to fly in. He did not dare to use them very much, for he was not quite sure what they were for.

The next morning his mamma asked him if he would not like to go out into the sunshine. She said that most of the other Bees had some work to do to prepare food for winter, and if Buzzy wanted to he could help them.

The young Bee was so delighted at the thought of seeing the flowers and feeling the bright sunshine that he flew off with his brothers. They went first to some morning-glories. Buzzy lighted on a bright blue one, and he stood looking about and feeling quite puzzled, for he did not know how to begin work. At last he began to cry and say that he was hungry. Very quietly one of his kind brothers came to see what was the matter. He brushed his antennæ across Buzzy's face; that is the way Bees talk. "Do not cry, Buzzy, dear," said his brother Bee; "just take a drop of juice from these sweet flowers and then take some bee-bread; maybe after that you will feel better and can carry some bread home." "I cannot get any juice," cried Buzzy; "I have no

mouth; I used to have a nice big one and could eat ever so much honey. Oh, dear! I wish I was a worm again, I am so hungry." Then the elder brother could hardly keep from laughing, but he did not laugh aloud, for poor little Buzzy was in trouble, and his brother was too kind to laugh even if the thing did seem too funny. He flew up to Buzzy and patted him with his own wings and said, "You cunning little fellow, you do not know that you have as good a mouth as you ever had, only you have a longer tongue which you can thrust into the flowers and scrape off the nectar from the inside. See how I do it. Now you had better try. I turn out my tongue over and over and get all the flower-juice, which is called nectar."

Then Buzzy tried and was delighted to find he too had a long tongue which would reach way down in the flower cup. He thought he had never tasted anything so fresh and sweet as the nectar that the morning-glory gave him. So he flew to another flower and tried; but this time he threw his head back quickly and flew to his brother and crossed his antennæ and hummed, "Oh! Affry, look! my head is all covered with yellow dust, and see, it is on my pretty wings too. Oh! brush it off—that is not a clean flower. I am going to another." Affry said,

"Oh, little brother, how many things you have to learn — you do not know that the yellow powder is bee-bread. The gardener calls it pollen — it is from that the large Bees make the wax boxes which hold our honey." "Oh! but it sticks on my hairs; I do not like it," said Buzzy. "Why, Buzzy, that is what our hairs are for. We just scrape it off, then carry it off in the basket in our hind legs." "Have I baskets in my hind legs, too?" asked Buzzy, and he lifted one of his back legs and there he found a little triangular kind of a spoon, not like the old Bees', made to hold the pollen. He watched the other Bees take the powder off their heads with their front legs; from them they passed it to the middle hair — then carefully packed the little baskets in their back legs.

By this time it was nearly noon, and Buzzy thought it time for his own work to begin, for he did not mean to be an idler. So he went to another blossom and tried very hard to get a load of dust, and though he spilled a good deal on the ground and tore a good many flowers he succeeded pretty well, and never was there a happier Bee than Buzzy when he reached the hive with his first present to his Queen Mother.

Mrs. Queen showed him how to mix the powder with juices which he got from his own body, and

soon he made a pretty little wax box with six sides, and as even and neatly done as any little cell could be. Then his mamma told him he ought to get some juice from the flowers and make some honey for his box. So this little busy Bee flew away to the same morning-glory vine. He had found so many nice things there, he thought it was the best place to go. When he got there he found the flowers had all gone to sleep and he could not get anything from them. He looked about to see what he could do and quickly spied some clover blossoms. He wanted to carry a large load this time, and he worked so hard that he did not see the sky was growing quite dark and cloudy. Presently it began to rain very hard. He was very much frightened, but he crept down under the leaves till he was sheltered by them, and waited patiently till the rain was over. As soon as the rain had stopped and the sun shone, Buzzy flew home.

As he came near the hive he saw a great cloud of Bees flying here and there, and he began to think something was wrong. The air was full of Bees and all seemed too busy and anxious to speak to Buzzy. At last he managed to make one of them hear, while he asked what was the matter. "Oh, dear, Buzzy, can't you see? Do you not know what has hap-

pened? A great storm of wind came and blew Mrs. Queen Bee over into the pond. And that is not the worst; they think that poor Mrs. Queen Bee is drowned." When Buzzy heard that he forgot about his precious load. He dropped it and squeezed through the crowd of uncles, cousins and brothers until he reached his mamma. He tried, with all the rest, to lick her head and fan her with his wings. Soon they were made happy by seeing her open and move her wings. She slowly got on her feet, and when they saw she could walk a little, they flew off a little way so that she could warm and dry herself.

In a short time Mrs. Queen Bee was all right, but their house was very wet. They all thought it would be best to sleep that night in a tree which stood in a corner of the garden, and chose a nice large bough. Then all the bees flew close behind each other, alighting one on top of the other, till there were so many clinging to each other that it seemed as if a large black log of wood was hanging from the bough. And they slept there as quietly as if they were at home.

When the moon came out and the soft wind moved the branch gently, little Buzzy dreamed that he was being rocked to sleep in a morning-glory,

and that he had for pillows little wax boxes filled with honey.

MRS. A. H. PUTNAM.

Mrs. Monroe's Advanced Second Reader.



THE SURGEON BIRD.

SOME birds were in a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day. He watched the birds building the nest of clay. They brought round bits of clay in their bills, which they stuck upon the wall. After they had worked busily for a while they would perch on a tree near by, and there they would sit and look at the nest. Sometimes they would fly down and tear away all they had built. Sometimes a part of the nest would fall down. Then the birds would sit and think how to build it better.

Right in the middle of their work an accident happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass, and cut her foot very badly. But Mrs. Bird was a brave little body; she wished to keep on with her work. She did keep on until she was faint and sick and could not fly upon the ground. Then she lay down and closed her eyes, for she looked very sick.

The other bird looked at her anxiously, then turned around and gave three loud, strange cries. Soon several birds came flying about, to see what was the matter.

A little Surgeon Bird came with them. He looked like the others, but he soon showed he was a Surgeon. He brought a bit of wet clay in his bill. He ground it fine with his own little beak, then he spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster. Next he took in his bill a long, green cornstalk which lay near. He flew up on a tin water-pipe under the window. One end of the cornstalk was near the lame bird. She took hold of it with her bill, and helped herself up on the water-pipe, too. Then the Surgeon helped her into the half-built nest.

Poor Mrs. Bird! It was very hard to be sick, and to move into the half-built house.

What do you suppose the Surgeon Bird did next? He went to work and helped Mr. Bird finish the nest, then flew off home.

Could the gentleman in his study have been kinder or wiser than that little bird?

ANNIE'S NEW SHOES.

JOHN and Nellie Egbert were coming home from school one day, when they met Annie Miller.

The child was poorly dressed and looked as if she had been crying.

Nellie Egbert was a kind little girl, and felt sorry for Annie the minute she saw her troubled face. So she stopped, and putting her warm little mittened hand around Annie's cold one, she said, "Why, Annie Miller, what is it that makes you cry?" "I can't come to school any more," sobbed Annie, "because my shoes are so full of holes, and my papa is sick and can't earn any money to buy me new ones." "I have ten cents," said little John, "and I will give you that to buy some new ones." "Ten cents would never pay for a pair of shoes," replied Nellie, "but I know what we can do. To-day is Friday, and to-morrow will be vacation; we'll go home and think and think till we find a way to earn the money to buy the shoes."

Annie's face brightened at the prospect of the new shoes, and soon they all ran home to their dinners.

John, Nellie and Annie lived in the country, where the fields of grass are dotted with daisies and butter-cups, and birds live and sing in the trees.

The house where John and Nellie lived was a large white one, with flowers growing on each side of a broad walk which led to the front and side doors.

Behind the house, across the garden, was a beautiful grove of maple trees, and a few pine, spruce, walnut and chestnut ones, too. After dinner John and Nellie went out into the grove to play, for their papa had put a nice swing of stout rope up in one of the trees for their use.

"I know spring is here, because the pussy-willows are wearing their gray hoods and the buds are all coming out on the branches," said Nellie, as she swung back and forth. "I know that spring is here," said John, "because Jack Frost has gone to live north, and taken all the ice and snow away, and the robins and bluebirds have flown back here from the southland." Then he gave the swing a hard push that sent Nellie up among the low-growing branches. "Oh, John!" called Nellie, "help me stop the swing. The trees are telling me just how we can earn the money to buy the shoes for Annie Miller."

As soon as she stopped the swing, out jumped Nellie. Then there was a great deal of talking and

planning between the children; and at last Nellie said, "Let's see how many of the trees can help us."

First they went up to a tall, straight one and John said, "Can you give us some sap that will make maple sugar? We want some to sell and take the money to buy our little friend some new shoes." But the Tree replied, "Oh, I am a Pine-tree. I grow to make boards to build houses, but I have no maple sap." Then the children asked a great spruce if that could help them. "I am sorry I cannot," said this one, "but I am growing as fast as I can, so that next year I can make a pretty little Christmas tree for some little kindergarten children I know, but I have no sweet sap." Then a tall chestnut-tree near by spoke: "I have no sugar sap, but I am working to grow nuts for the squirrels and children to eat next fall." "Come over this way! Come over this way!" called a chorus of trees. "We will help you to make some maple sugar, for we are all sugar-maples; and we have not given any sap for a long time. There are just ten of us, as many as there are fingers on your two hands; and we will be glad to help you buy shoes."

The children whispered something about their big brother, Tom, and then ran to the house. All the way home the Robins seemed to call, "Shoes!

Shoes!" to them; the sunshine seemed brighter than ever before, and the fresh spring air more delightful. They found Tom out by the great barn where the horses and cows lived, and told him all about poor Annie, and how the maple-trees would give sap to make the sugar if he would help them. Tom said he would enjoy helping them, and then stooped and kissed each dear little face, he was so glad to see how thoughtful they had been for Annie.

Then they all went to the little room where the tools were kept. Here Tom found a bunch of metal spouts, a big auger, and a hammer. On the way to the grove, Tom stopped and asked a man who was working in the garden to bring them ten pails to let the sap fall into when it dropped from the trees.

Before the man came with the pails, Tom was busy among the maple-trees. First he took the auger and bored until he made a deep hole in the tree, in which he put one of the spouts, and hammered it in tight. All at once the children saw the clear sap begin to run from the spout. It looked like water; but when Nellie tasted it she found it was sweet. So Tom went from tree to tree and made a hole and hammered in a spout, until he reached all the ten trees that had promised to help. Soon the

man brought the ten pails and put them under the spouts to catch the drops of sap as they fell.

There was an old stove in the back room of the house, and Tom said next morning he would build a fire there, and put on a big kettle filled with sap, and let it boil, and boil, till the water would all go away in the hot steam, leaving the sweet part of the sap in the kettle, which would be maple sugar. All the afternoon Nellie and John watched the pails; and when they were full of sap, Tom carried them to the house.

Saturday morning the fire was built, and the sap began to boil. For hours the great kettle steamed and bubbled and sang, till just at night Tom said, "Well, now we will sugar off." Then he took the great kettle from the stove, and putting a broad wooden spoon into it, he stirred the thick syrup at the bottom for a long time. All at once the syrup looked like damp brown sugar, and then Tom poured it into pans to cake. "I will go and ask mamma to come and see our nice brown sugar," said little John, and he soon returned with his mother. As soon as she looked at the little scalloped cakes in a row, she said: "What delicious-looking maple sugar! I would like to buy it," and laid on the table two shining silver dollars. "Thank you, dear mamma," said

Nellie and John, looking up with bright, glad eyes into her face. "Will that be enough to buy the shoes?" said little John. "Yes," said Mrs. Egbert, "and now I'll get my hat and coat, and go with you to get the shoes." That night Annie Miller went to bed a very happy little girl, for, side by side, near her stood a pair of new shoes; and John and Nellie were happy, too.

All that night Nellie dreamed of a beautiful fairy, with butterfly wings, that flew round and round, holding in her hands a tiny pair of silver shoes. Just before she went to fairyland she came and kissed Nellie, and whispered something in her ear; and this is what she said: "The happiest days are those spent in helping others."

SOPHIA L. BIXBEY.

Taken from Mother's Nursery Guide.



BENNIE'S SUNSHINE.

LITTLE Bennie lived with his grandmother, in the basement of an old house. The street was so narrow that the warm sunlight could not shine into the low rooms, and grandmother was too feeble to go out of doors. She had been sick now for a week, and a kind neighbor came in to help

with the work. Little Ben did errands, and tried his best to be useful.

It was a pleasant spring day, and after Bennie had come from the store with a pitcher of milk, he sat by grandmother's bed, and told her how warm and bright the sunshine was, and how he wished it would shine into their windows. "Ah! it has been so long since I felt the sunshine!" said grandmother, and she sighed. While Bennie watched her she seemed to sleep, and he put on his cap, poured the milk into a bowl, and went out, with the pitcher in his hand, shutting the door softly behind him. He had a plan for bringing sunshine to dear grandmother. Was not the Common near, where the sun just shines all day long? Surely some of it could be spared for her.

So little Ben ran all the way, till he came to the wide Common. Then he placed the pitcher carefully down on the grass, so the sun could shine straight into it. "I will wait till it is quite full," he thought, and so began to pick the yellow buttercups that grew all about. He soon had a big bunch, and they were as bright as the sunshine. "Grandma will be so surprised when she wakes up, and how pleased she will be to have the sunshine, after all," Bennie thought. He started for home, with the but-

tercups in one hand and the pitcher in the other, his face rosy and smiling.

Grandmother was still asleep, so he laid the buttercups on her pillow, where she would be sure to see them, as soon as she opened her eyes. He set the pitcher on the table, and sang:—

“Wake ! says the Sunshine,
’Tis time to get up ;
Wake ! pretty daisy,
And sweet buttercup.”

Soon she opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the bunch of buttercups.

“Why, they are like sunshine !” she said.

“Yes, grandmother,” cried little Ben, “and I have filled the pitcher with real sunshine — just see !” But when they looked inside the pitcher was empty ; all the bright light had gone out of it.

Grandmother comforted her dear little boy by telling him that his loving face was her best sunshine ; that even if she could not go into the beautiful country, she was happy with him always.

It was not long after this that kind friends came and took little Ben and his grandmother out into the country, to stay all summer. And with the sunshine and little Ben to help her, grandmother at last grew strong enough to walk in the green fields. She

called Bennie "Little Sunshine." Don't you think it was a good name for him?

MABEL RUST.

Original Story.



A LESSON OF FAITH.

LET me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I do not know how long it will be before they will come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly; and if I should die, who would take care of my baby Butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar; they cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little at first, for, of course, one cannot expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! It is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf. What a

place for young Butterflies to be born! Still you will be kind to the poor little ones, will you not? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh! how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food."

And with these words the Butterfly closed her eyes and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying, "Yes," or "No," to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the butterfly eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty ones! Much they will mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night long round her young charges for fear any

harm should happen to them, and in the morning she said,—

“Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do, without asking my betters?”

But still there was a difficulty—whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough—he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail. There was the Tom-Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine, but there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs. “I wonder which is the wisest of all animals,” sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought and thought till at last she thought of the Lark. In the neighboring cornfield lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came, she told him all her difficulties. The Lark listened to her story, and then went singing up into the bright blue sky. He sailed away so far that the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. So she resumed her walk around the Butterfly's eggs, nib-

bling a bit of cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along. "What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried, at last. "I wonder where he is just now!" And still the green Caterpillar kept walking around the eggs. At last the Lark began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy. "News, news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you will not believe me!" "I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar. "Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat." "Dew and the honey out of flowers," sighed the Caterpillar. "No such thing, but something you can get at quite easily." "I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar. "Excellent, my friend," cried the Lark, "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves." "Never!" said the Caterpillar. "It was their mother's last wish that I should do nothing of the kind." "But why do you ask me," said the Lark, "and then disbelieve me? You have neither faith nor trust." "Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar. "No, you do not; you will not even believe me about the food. What do you think those eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" said the Lark, "and you will find it out in time," and away he flew, for he did not want to contest the point with his friend. "I thought the Lark was wise and kind, but I find he is foolish and saucy," and the Caterpillar began walking around the eggs. "I wish I knew what he sees when he soars so high." "I would tell you if you would believe me," says the Lark. "I believe all I am told," said the Caterpillar, with a very grave face. "Then I will tell you something," said the Lark. "You will one day be a Butterfly yourself." "Wretched Bird! you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more," exclaimed the Caterpillar.

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark. He flew away, telling the Caterpillar that if she ever got beyond the cabbage-leaf, she would see things as wonderful as that.

Just then the Caterpillar felt something move beside her. She looked, and there were eight or ten little green caterpillars moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs. The Caterpillar felt very much ashamed, and then very glad, for she thought perhaps she would change into a butterfly after all. She thanked the Lark and told all the rest of her relations that she was going to be

a Butterfly. But none of them believed her. After some time she spun her cocoon and rolled herself away within it, and after some days came out again, a beautiful butterfly with painted wings.

ADAPTED FROM MRS. GATTY.



MRS. VESPA.

ONE warm morning in spring, after the snow had melted and left the ground quite bare, an old wasp flew out of a little hole in the side of a bank. She was lame, for she had been cuddled up in such a tiny corner all winter that she could not use her wings much. They were so stiff that at first she could hardly fly, but after moving about in the sun, and warming herself thoroughly, she felt better, and hurried off to find a place in which to start a new home.

Presently she spied a little hole where some field mice had lived. She flew into it, looked all about and thought: "Now this is a very nice place; I can make the hall longer, and down there at the end of it is a lovely place for a nursery. It needs a good cleaning and papering, but that I can easily do."

After Mrs. Vespa (this was the wasp's name) had once made up her mind to do a thing, she generally went about it pretty quickly, and she worked steadily, too. So now, while she stood in the doorway, although it was rather dark, her bright eyes spied some bits of old potato and turnip, some dirty moss, and other rubbish that the mouse had left when she moved, and Mrs. Vespa began at once to carry it out. She gathered it all up into little heaps and pushed it out of the hole with her strong jaws. Then she began lengthening the hall, carrying every bit of the earth out herself, for she was all alone.

She made the passage about an inch wide, and eighteen inches long; but she decided that it must not run straight to the nursery, but go in a zigzag direction, that no one might reach her babies to harm them. This room at the end of the winding hall was to be nice and large—about twenty inches across the widest part. It is true there were no windows in it; but that was all the better for the baby grubs, for the light would not hurt their eyes.

After it was dug out the right size, Mrs. Vespa began to wonder how she could get the paper for the walls and ceiling. There was no place where she

could buy the right kind, so she said she would make the paper, as well as paste it on. She flew out of the darkness to an old decayed oak post, which stood in a garden near by, and with her mandibles (as wasp's teeth are called) began to tear off little tiny splinters, and these she would again tear until they were like very fine threads of wool, about a quarter of an inch long. These she gathered into little bundles, and bruised them by trampling on them until they were matted together, though they were still quite dry.

"Now," said Mrs. Vespa, "that is about all I can carry at one time. I will take this load home and come back for more."

But, just as she was flying off, a gentleman, who had been wondering what she was doing, caught her, so that he could look closely at her package. He had seen the inside of a wasp's house, and had wondered where they got the bluish-gray paper with which it was lined, and he thought he would make Mrs. Vespa tell him.

But she did not treat him very politely. Instead of waiting till the gentleman had done examining her little load of wood, she squirmed about and stung his hand badly. That was enough to make him drop her at once, and off she flew, terribly frightened, to

her house. She kept tight hold of her precious bundle till she got safely into the hall, and then dropped it on the floor. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "that great giant of a man has frightened me so that I cannot work any more. It was not very kind to sting him as I did, for I do not believe he meant to hurt me, after all; but then he must keep his hands away from me! I have not time to stop for people to look at me."

After resting a little till she got over the fright, she jumped on the bits of wood, and dampening them with some juices from her own body, she kneaded them with her feet and chewed them till the lump was like smooth paste.

"Now, I call that good," she said to herself, "and it is all ready to be spread on the walls." So, taking as much of it as she could easily carry, she flew to the ceiling, and walking backward and forward, she spread it all over as far as it would go. Then she got some more, and put that on, too, working downward all the time. "Yes, that is very good paper," she thought, "but it is no thicker than tissue paper, and will not prevent the sand and earth from falling into those precious cradles that I am going to have in here. I must have another layer."

So she flew back to the old post, looking carefully

to see if "the giant," as she called the gentleman, was anywhere near. She saw nobody; for the man had gone to tie his hand up in some wet earth, to take out the pain of the sting, and Mrs. Vespa had no trouble in getting all the material she needed for fifteen layers of paper. These sheets were not pasted on flat and close, as our walls are papered, for this little worker thought it would be better and warmer for the babies if she should leave a little space for air between the middle and edges of each layer; it would be softer, too, in case she should bump her head while working fast.

After the house was done, it was time to get the furniture in. The furniture was nothing but little six-sided cribs, like those the baby bees sleep in, only deeper. There were to be rows and rows of these cribs, for she meant to have a great many children.

She now made some very strong paper posts, large at each end, and small in the middle. There were about thirty of these. One end of the post was fastened to the ceiling; to the other was fastened a round hanging floor, made of the paper, and on this floor were the cribs, just as close together as they could be packed.

"Now I can put my eggs in their places, and how glad I am!" thought Mrs. Vespa. "I will fill the little

cribs first, and, while the grubs are hatching, I will be getting some food ready for them."

So the eggs were laid in such a way that when the grubs came out their heads were downward. For the little mother laid the food for each baby at the bottom of its bed, so that the little thing could reach it by itself.

In a few weeks all Mrs. Vespa's children had grown as large and as strong as herself, so that they were able to help her make more cribs. As fast as one perfect wasp came out, the cell was nicely cleaned and a new egg was laid in it; and the mother wasp soon found that, instead of being alone, she had ever so many children and grandchildren, all living in the same house, and working with her.

Some of her children began to think that they would go off and build a new home for themselves, but Mrs. Vespa could not bear to think of parting, so they all stayed together till winter.

Then they huddled together and went to sleep. Many of them never woke again, for it was a bitter cold winter, and they slept their long sleep. Those who were in the warmest corners of the house slept safely until spring came around again, when each set out to find a new home, which was planned and built as they had seen their mother work on the old one.

where they had passed so many busy and happy days; for Mrs. Vespa had been a very wise mother, and had taught her children to do everything that she knew how to do herself. The little wasps were very good children, and thought that making paper and building cells for their little brothers and sisters was real good play.

ALICE H. PUTNAM.



THE STAR AND THE LILY.

AN INDIAN MYTH.

AN old Indian Chief sat quietly smoking in his wigwam, when a crowd of Indian boys and girls entered and, with many offerings of tobacco, begged for a story, and in return for the gifts he told them this:

“There was once a time when the world was filled with happy people; all nations were one, and there was no war, there was plenty of game in the forests, there was no sickness, the beasts of the field were tame and obeyed man.

“One long spring left no place for winter with its cold blasts; every tree and bush yielded fruit, and

flowers covered the whole earth. There were birds of bright plumage, and more beautiful song than now, for no one harmed them. At that time the Indians were the only people in America, and they numbered many millions. Living as the great mother wished them to live, they were happy and strong.

“Instead of amusement in close rooms, the sport of the open air was theirs. At night they met on the wide green and watched the stars, for they loved them, and believed them to be the homes of those whom the Great Spirit had taken from earth.

“One night they saw one star, brighter than all the rest. It was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. After many nights, it seemed to be nearer, and after looking again carefully they thought it was only a short distance away, over the tops of some trees. A number of warriors were sent to see what it was, and on their return said it was a strange star, and seemed to be like a bird. Then a council of wise men was called to inquire into it, for the people feared it might be the sign of some trouble which should come to them.

“One moon had passed, and yet they did not understand it, but one night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful girl stood at his side, and thus she spoke to him: ‘Young brave, yours is a

beautiful world. I have left my father's land, its flowers, its birds, its lakes, and its green mountains, to live with your race. Ask your wise men where I can live, so that I may always see you. Ask them what form I shall take, to be loved.' The young man awoke. On stepping out of the lodge, he saw the star still in its old place. At early dawn a messenger was sent to call every warrior to the council lodge, and when they met, the warrior told his dream. They concluded that the maiden was the star that had been seen in the south, and since she loved this people she would dwell on the earth. The next night, five tall, handsome young braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth. They offered it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, and were rejoiced that the star-spirit received it from them. As they went back to the village, the star, with open wings, followed them, and hovered over their homes until daybreak.

"Again it came to the young man in a dream and asked where it should live and what form it should take. Many places were spoken of, on the top of giant trees, or in beautiful flowers. At last it was told to choose its own home, and at first chose the white rose of the mountains, but there it was hidden and could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but

there it feared the hoof of the buffalo. Next it tried the rocky cliffs, but there the children whom it loved could not see it. 'I know where I shall live,' said the bright wanderer, 'where I can see the gliding canoe of the people I love best. Children shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their sleep by the side of the cool lakes. The people will love me wherever I am.'

"These words having been said, it alighted on the clear water, where it saw itself reflected as in a mirror.

"The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen floating on the surface of the lakes, and the Indians gave them this name, Wah-be-gwan-ee (White Flower).

"Children, when you see the lily in the waters, take it in your hands, hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth, as its two sisters, the morning and evening stars, are happy in the skies."

A. H. P.

Adapted from Emerson's Indian Myths.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink," said the mother ;
"I wink," said the one ;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim," said the mother ;
"We swim," said the two ;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree.
Lived an old mother-bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing," said the mother ;
"We sing," said the three ;
So they sang, and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her ratties four.
"Dive," said the mother ;
"We dive," said the four ;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother honey bee
And her little bees five.
"Buzz," said the mother ;
"We buzz," said the five ;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug bee-hive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw," said the mother ;
"We caw," said the six ;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.

Kindergarten Stories.

"Chirp," said the mother ;
 "We chirp," said the seven ;
So they chirped cheery notes
 In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
 By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
 And her little fishes eight.
"Bask," said the mother ;
 "We bask," said the eight ;
So they basked in the sun
 On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
 In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
 And her little spiders ten.
"Spin," said the mother ;
 "We spin," said the ten ;
So they spun lace webs
 In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
 In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother-firefly
 And her little flies eleven.
"Shine," said the mother ;
 "We shine," said the eleven ;
So they shone like stars
 In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother-ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil," said the mother ;
"We toil," said the twelve ;
So they toiled, and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

"Child Life." J. G. Whittier.



THE JOHNNY-CAKE.

LITTLE Sarah, she stood by her grandmother's bed,
"And what shall I get for your breakfast?" she said.
"You shall get me a Johnny-cake ; quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

So Sarah she went to the closet to see
If yet any meal in the barrel might be.
The barrel had long time been empty as wind ;
Not a speck of the bright yellow meal could she find.
But grandmother's Johnny-cake still she must make **it**,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

She ran to the shop, but the shopkeeper said,
"I have none — you must go to the miller, fair maid,
For he has a mill, and he'll put the corn in it,
And grind **you** some nice yellow meal in a minute ;

But run, or the Johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah, she ran every step of the way,
But the miller said, "No, I have no meal to-day;
Run quick to the cornfield, just over the hill,
And if any be there, you may fetch it to mill.
Run, run, or the Johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah looked round, and she saw what she wanted;
The corn could not grow, for no corn had been planted.
She asked of the farmer to sow her some grain,
But the farmer he laughed till his sides ached again.
"Ho! ho! for the Johnny cake, how can you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

The farmer he laughed, and he laughed out aloud —
"And how can I plant till the earth has been ploughed?
Run, run to the ploughman, and bring him with speed;
He'll plough up the ground, and I'll fill it with seed."
Away then ran Sarah, still hoping to make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

The ploughman he ploughed, and the grain it was sown,
And the sun shed its rays till the corn was all grown.
It was ground at the mill, and again in her bed
These words to poor Sarah the grandmother said:
"You shall get me a Johnny-cake; quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

THE LITTLE FIR-TREE.

OUT in the woods stood a pretty little Fir-tree. It was in a pleasant place where it had plenty of warm sunshine and fresh air. He had many friends all around him, some much taller than he, among them the stately pines, but the Fir-tree was not happy. He wished to be greater, to grow taller so that the birds would build in his branches and he could look over the other trees and see about this great world.

He did not care for the warm sunshine, he did not care for the children who came daily to gather strawberries and raspberries. Often they came with a jug full of them, and then they would sit down by the little Fir-tree and say: "How pretty and small that one is!" This the Fir-tree could not bear to hear.

But next year he had grown a little, and the next year a little more, but still he sighed, "Oh! if I were only as great a tree as the others."

When winter came and the snow spread a soft warm blanket over all the earth, a hare would often jump right over the Fir-tree. This made him very angry; but two more winters went by, and the tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to go.

around it. "Just to grow and grow and grow, and then to become old is the only thing," thought the Tree.

Late in the autumn, wood-cutters came into the forest and felled some of the tallest trees. When they fell crashing to the ground, the little Fir-tree shuddered and watched them stripped of their branches, and all ragged and bare, piled into a long wagon, and dragged them out of the wood by the horses.

In the spring the Tree asked the Stork and the Swallow, when they came flying back, "Do you know where the trees were taken? Did you meet them?" The Stork and the Swallow only shook their heads to these questions, and still the Tree sighed and hoped some time he should know.

As Christmas time drew near, quite young trees were felled to the ground. Their branches were allowed to remain on; these too were put into wagons, and horses dragged them out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir-tree; "they are much smaller than I. Why do they keep all their branches?"

"We know," chirped the Swallow; "we have looked in the windows of the stores and seen them standing there, dressed up so gayly; shining with

silver stars and gold trimmings, honey-cakes, and playthings and candles. Yes, hundreds of candles!"

"And what happens next?" breathed the Fir-tree, and all his branches trembled and shook; "what next?"

"We have not seen any more," chirped the Swallow, "but it was the most beautiful sight, something quite grand."

"Well, I may be able to tread this glorious path," cried the Fir-tree, rejoicing, "but how long it is to wait."

"Be glad in my warm sunshine, and enjoy my fresh air," said the Sun and the Breeze together. But the Fir-tree was not glad; he only grew and grew and looked dark and handsome and green through summer's sun and winter's snow. The people who saw the Tree said, "Oh! what a handsome Christmas Tree!" and at the next Christmas time it was felled before any of the others.

Then it began to feel sad to leave its old home, but it was going to where the other trees had gone, and so it would try and keep a stout heart.

The Tree was rewarded on being unloaded in a yard with many others by hearing a man say, "This one is splendid; we want only this one."

Then two servants came and carried it into a beau-

tiful house where there were beautiful pictures and costly chairs and soft draperies, and the Fir-tree was put in a tub of sand. No one could see it was a tub of sand, for it was covered with a green cloth, and stood on a beautiful carpet. Oh! how the Tree trembled! What was going to happen next? The servants and the ladies decked it out in gold walnuts and red nets; these nets they filled with sweetmeats, and more than a hundred candles of red, blue and white were fastened to the boughs as if they grew there; tiny gold stars peeped out and long chains of popcorn were festooned upon it.

At the very top a beautiful silver star blazed forth in great splendor.

The Tree felt very proud and stood very straight and thought, "Now I am really fine."

"How it will shine this evening," said they all.

"If the evening would only come," thought the Tree. "Will the candles ever be lighted? I wonder if my old friends from the forest will come and look at me. Shall I stand here just like this all summer and winter?" He thought so hard that his poor back began to ache, and that is as bad for a tree as a headache is for a person.

At last it was lighted. Such brilliancy! How each tiny twig twinkled and gleamed! One small

branch trembled so hard it scorched a small twig above it. This alarmed the ladies so much that the Tree knew he must not even tremble, but stand perfectly still in all his glory.

And now the folding-doors were thrown open and a number of children rushed in, followed by their more sedate mammas and papas. The little ones were quite silent for a minute, but soon their shouts filled the room. They danced gleefully about the Tree, and soon one present after another was taken from it.

“What are they about?” asked the Tree. “What is going to happen next?” And the lights burned down to the branches, and as they came near to them they were extinguished and word was given that the children might plunder the Tree. They rushed on it with such violence that it was nearly overturned.

They danced and shouted, and no one seemed to notice the Tree any longer, but a dear old Grandpa who came and looked at it. One of the children shouted, “A story, a story!”

“I can only tell one; which shall it be?” said Grandpa. They chose one, and were soon seated in the shade of the Christmas Tree to listen.

Through all the noise the Tree alone was silent and thought, “Shall I have nothing to do with it?”

He had been in the evening's amusement, and no more was expected of him.

So the children listened to the story and the Tree thought it must be true, because such a nice old man had told it. He said, "Perhaps to-morrow I shall shine again, and be very fine for some one to look at."

The next morning the servants came in, and the Tree thought, "Now I am to be made splendid again." But they dragged him up to the garret, and there in the darkest corner he was laid on his side, and left alone.

"What am I to do here, what is going to happen now?" Days, weeks and months went by and no one came to see him, and it was evident the Tree was forgotten.

"It is winter outside, and no one could plant me. I am to be left here until spring. What kind people! If it were not so dark and I had some one to speak to me, I should not mind staying here."

"Squeak, squeak!" said a little mouse, and then another appeared. They smelt of the Fir-tree, and then crept over its branches. "It is dreadfully cold here," said the mouse. "If it were not for that, it would be quite nice, old Fir-tree."

"I am not old," said the Tree; "there are many older than I."

"Where did you come from," said the mouse, "and what can you do?"

"That I do not know," said the Tree, "but I know the wood and the sunshine and where the birds sing."

"How happy you must have been," said the mouse as he listened to all the things the Tree had seen.

"Yes, those were happy times;" and he told them all about the Christmas times, and the story told the children, and they agreed he must be a very happy Tree. But the mice wished for a storeroom story, and as the Tree knew no other, they, too, scampered away and were seen no more.

One morning there was a great commotion in the garret. Boxes were moved and a servant roughly threw the Tree on the floor and then dragged it downstairs into the daylight.

"Now life will begin again for me," thought the Tree. He felt the fresh air and the warm sunshine; the swallows flew by as he stretched out his branches. Alas! they were brown and withered now, and a child stepped on them, and they broke in pieces. Nothing remained of the beautiful Christmas Tree but the star, and one of the boys tore that off and fastened it on his jacket.

"Ah! if I had only rejoiced when I had reason," sighed the Tree. "But 'tis past, past, past."

The gardener soon came and chopped the Tree into small pieces; he made quite a wood-pile.

Some of it was carried into the house and put into the grate, where it was soon snapping and cracking under the great brewing kettle.

At each puff of flame the children would clap their hands, and the Tree thought of the beautiful warm sunshine stored away in his branches when he was in the forest, and he sighed and sighed.

At every sigh the Tree was trying to tell of that happy time when he lived with all the other trees in the forest.

ADAPTED FROM HANS ANDERSEN.



THUMBLING.

THERE was once a king and queen who wished very much for a little child. They wished for one so much, that one day when a fairy visited them, they asked her to tell them where they could get one. The fairy told them that they would find a child in a beautiful flower which she gave them. The queen took it home and kissed the flower, when pop! it opened, and right in the centre of the tulip, on its beautiful green stamens,

sat a maiden, no bigger than half of your thumb. She was so small that the queen named her Thumbling.

The Queen loved Thumbling very much, and made her a cradle out of a walnut shell with violet leaves for a mattress, and a rose-leaf for the coverlid.

In this she slept at night, and in the daytime played upon the table or among the flowers, where a tulip-leaf made her a nice little boat in which she sat and sang.

Once when she was sleeping, the wind blew the cradle out of the window. It fell into the garden where there was an ugly old toad. He felt sorry for poor Thumbling's rough awakening, so he took the cradle and hopped away with it to his home in the swamp. It was wet and marshy beside the stream, so the toad put the cradle on a lily-leaf while he got the guest room ready for Thumbling. In the morning she awoke and began to cry, for she did not like her new island home with water all around it.

When the toad had his room ready he swam out to get the cradle to put in Thumbling's new room for her bed. While he was gone Thumbling cried still louder, for she did not want to go and live with the toad. The fishes heard the noise and pushed their heads up and saw the pretty little maiden weeping.

They wished they could help her and swam down out of sight. Very soon the stalk of the lily-leaf began to tremble, and in a minute Thumbling found herself floating down the stream in her new house, far away from the ugly toad.

As Thumbling sailed away down the stream, she noticed a yellow butterfly fluttering about her. She invited him to ride with her, and he, being pleased with Thumbling, alighted on the leaf, and together they sailed away. Thumbling threw her girdle over the butterfly and fastened it to the leaf. In this way she sailed much faster.

They had not gone far when Thumbling was caught up in the claws of a great hawk and carried high up into a tree.

Thumbling was very much frightened, and she thought of the poor butterfly fastened to the leaf, and hoped some one would free it so that it could get something to eat. The great bird fed her with sweets from the flowers and brought other birds to see her. The other birds did not like her, and though she was so very pretty, they did not want her to live with them, so they put her on a daisy and left her to do as she liked.

Through the summer she was happy, and lived on honey from the flowers; she made her a bed of grass

blades, and drank the dew which stood every morning upon the leaves.

Summer and autumn passed, and the snow began to fall. All the trees and flowers shed their leaves, and the birds, who had sung so sweetly, went away. Then Thumbling wrapped herself in a torn brown leaf and shivered with cold.

She wandered into a cornfield, where a field-mouse spoke to her and asked her to come home and dine. The mouse was very much pleased with Thumbling and told her that she might stay all winter, if she would keep the house clean and tidy. To this Thumbling agreed.

One night she saw a Swallow numbed with cold lying on the ground. She made a blanket for him of hay and covered the poor bird's head with a leaf. The bird was not dead, as Thumbling thought, only cold. The bird moved when the warmth from the leaf began to be felt. This frightened Thumbling, who was so very much smaller than the bird, but she took courage and laid the wraps closer about him.

The Swallow was better next day, and Thumbling nursed him, bringing water in a flower petal.

"I thank you, pretty child; I have been famously warmed and cared for, and soon will be strong enough to fly about in the warm sunshine."

"It is so cold, why will you not stay with me?" said Thumbling. The Swallow remained with Thumbling the whole winter, but when Spring came she flew out into the warm sunshine.

"Would you not like to come and live with me?" one day said the Swallow. "You can ride on my back, you are such a small maiden, and I will carry you far away, over mountains, over trees, to where the warm country lies;" and Thumbling jumped on the Swallow's back and fastened her girdle to one of the strongest feathers, and so they travelled.

"This is my house," said the Swallow at last, "but you must not live here."

Thumbling looked about her, and there at the window of the house where the Swallow had built her nest sat her own dear mamma.

Oh! how glad she was to see her, and thanking the Swallow for bringing her home, she crept into her mother's arms—and there on the window sill was a nut-cradle, just like her own dear bed, waiting for her.

ADAPTED FROM HANS ANDERSEN.

This selection, taken from an ancient Jewish Sacred Book, may be interesting to some as being the probable origin of the story.

THE WOMAN AND HER KID.

ONE kid, one kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And it came a cat and devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And it came a dog and bit the cat which devoured the kid that my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And it came a stick and beat the dog that bit the cat which devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And a fire came and burnt the stick which smote the dog which bit the cat which devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And a water came and extinguished the fire that burnt the stick which smote the dog which bit the cat which devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And an ox came and drank the water that had extinguished the fire which burnt the stick which

smote the dog which bit the cat which devoured the kid that my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And the slaughterer came and slaughtered the ox that drank the water which extinguished the fire which burnt the stick which smote the dog which bit the cat that devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And the angel of death came and killed the slaughterer that slaughtered the ox which drank the water that extinguished the fire which burnt the stick that smote the dog that had bitten the cat which devoured the kid that my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

And the Holy One, blessed be He, came and killed the angel of death that killed the slaughterer who slaughtered the ox which drank the water that extinguished the fire which burnt the stick that smote the dog which bit the cat that devoured the kid which my father bought for two Suzim; one kid, one kid.

ANCIENT JEWISH SACRED BOOK.

ÆSOP'S FABLES

TO BE ADAPTED BY KINDERGARTNERS

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

IT was a very warm day.

"I am so hungry and so thirsty," said the Fox, as he came along the dusty road.

"Ah, there are some fine juicy grapes! What luck! I will have those grapes."

So he gave one great leap up toward the vines.

But he could not quite reach them.

Again he jumped.

And again and again.

But each time he fell back more and more out of breath.

Then he sat and looked at them.

"Sour old things!" he growled. "I would not eat one of them. They are not good enough for a Fox. I will leave them for the greedy Birds. Birds will eat anything."

Then he went away; and the grapes rubbed their soft cheeks against one another and laughed softly at the silly old Fox.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

A LITTLE Ant had fallen into the water.
“Oh, help! help! I shall drown!” cried the Ant.

A Dove in a tree near by heard the little Ant cry for help.

“I will throw down a leaf,” said the Dove.

“Here, little Ant, is a leaf. Climb up on it and you will float to the shore.”

“Oh, I thank you, kind Dove!” answered the Ant, as he reached the shore. “You have saved my life.”

A few days later the Dove was busy building her nest.

Near by was a man with a gun.

“He is going to shoot the Dove,” cried the Ant.
“I must stop him!”

So the Ant ran up to the man and bit his heel.

“Oh, my heel, my heel!” screamed the man; and he dropped his gun.

This startled the Dove and she flew away.

When the man was gone she flew back and said,
“I thank you, little friend. To-day you have saved my life.”

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

A DOG had stolen a piece of meat for his dinner.

"Now for a feast," said the Dog. And away he trotted with the meat in his mouth.

On his way home there was a brook to cross. The water was very clear and very still. The Dog saw his own shadow in the water.

"There is another Dog with another piece of meat," thought he.

"R-r-r-r," growled he, looking down into the water.

"R-r-r-r," growled the Dog in the water, looking up at him.

"I will have that piece of meat," thought the greedy Dog on the bridge. So he growled again and showed his teeth.

The Dog in the water showed his teeth too.

That made the Dog on the bridge angry. Snap! Snap! and down went the meat into the water, and the greedy Dog had nothing but his own thoughts to dine upon. I wonder if they were pleasant.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A LARK had made her nest in a wheat-field.
All summer the little Larks had been growing strong and large.

All summer long the wheat had been growing tall and ripe.

Now the Larks were nearly old enough to fly. Now the wheat was nearly ripe.

One day the farmer came to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our neighbors to help us harvest."

"Oh, dear!" peeped the little Larks, "we must get ready to fly away."

"There is no need to move yet," answered the mother.

"But are you not frightened?" asked the baby Larks.

"Not as long as the farmer depends upon his neighbors," answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our uncles and our cousins to help us harvest."

"Oh, dear!" peeped the little Larks, "we must get ready to fly away."

"There is no need to move yet," answered the mother.

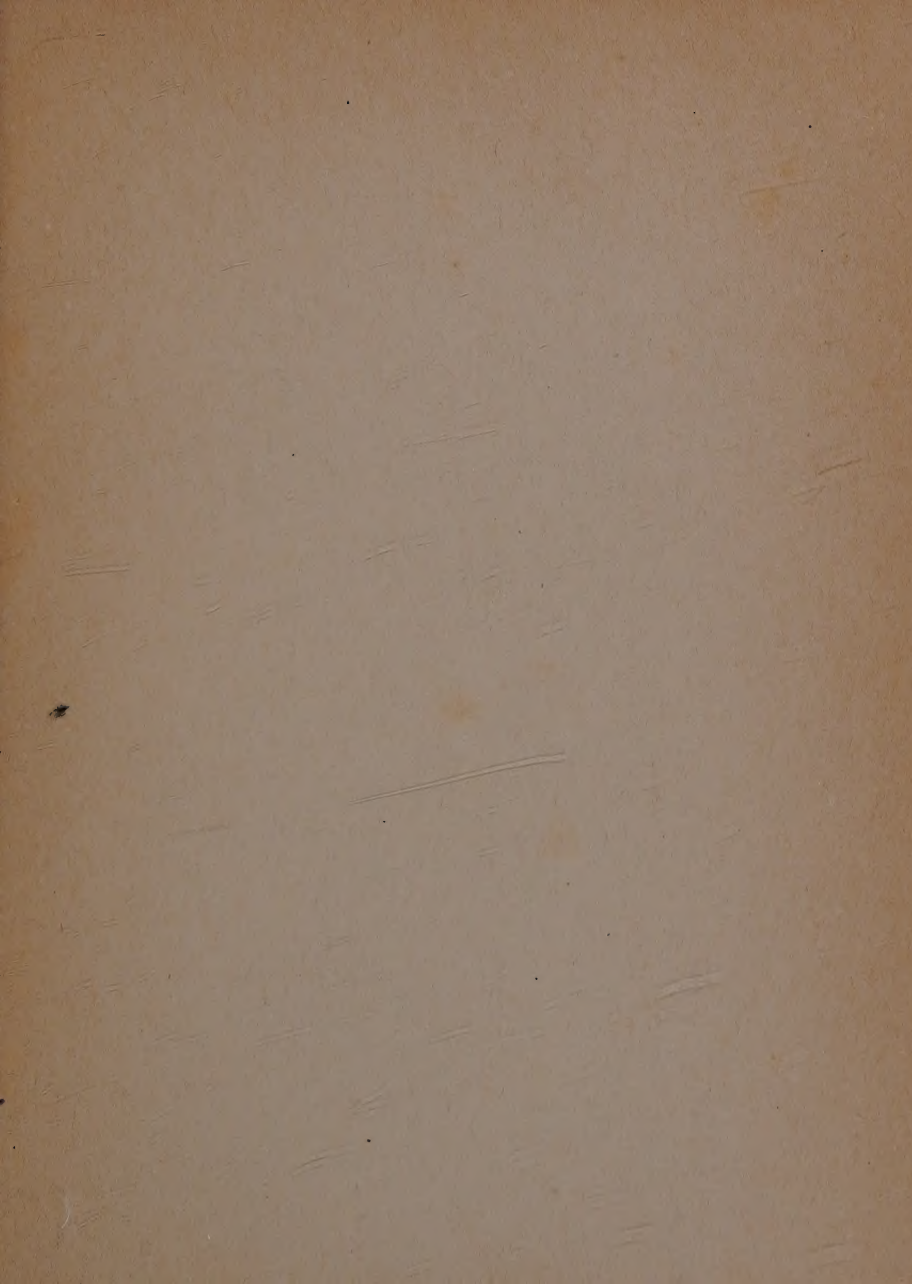
"But are you not frightened?" asked the baby Larks.

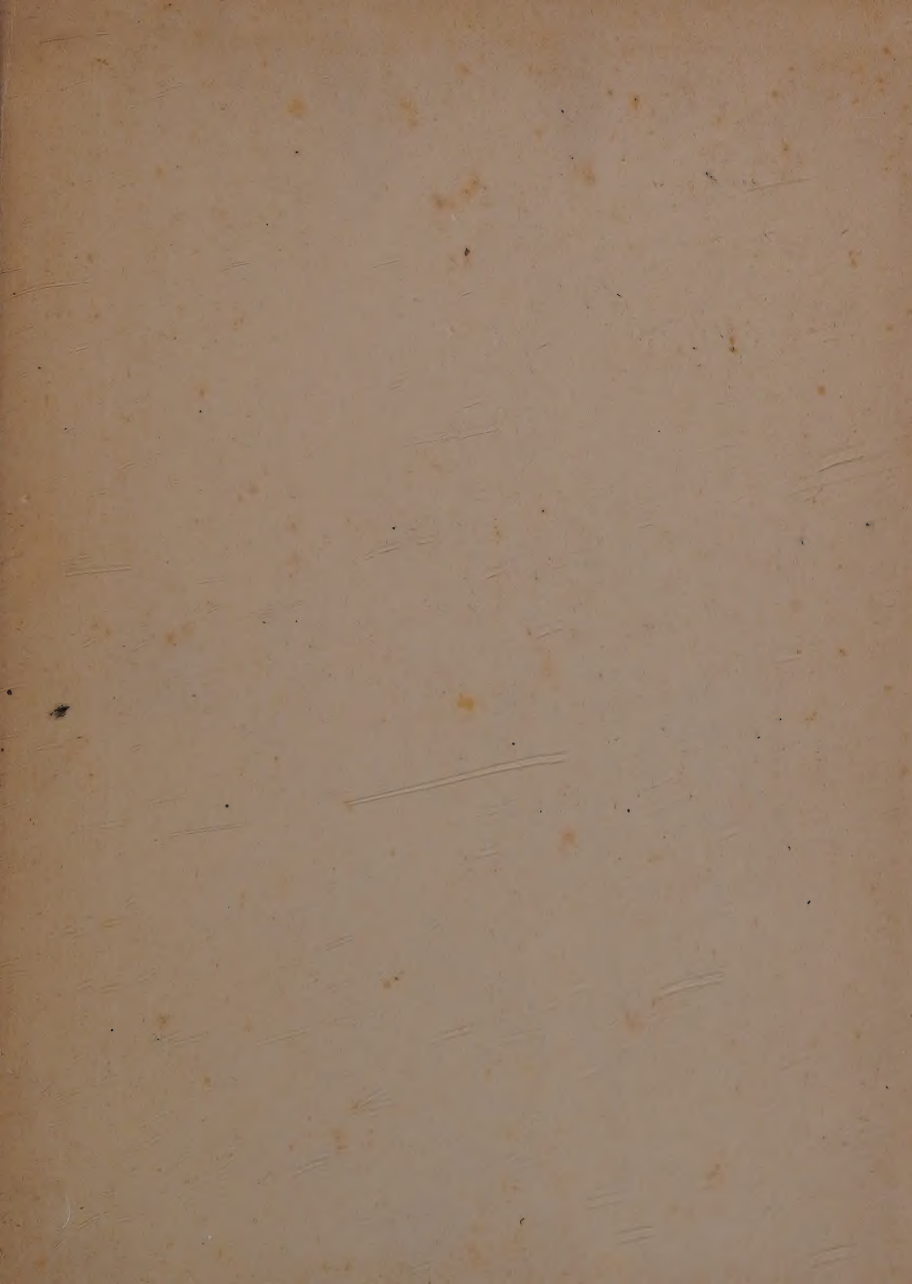
"Not as long as the farmer depends upon his relatives," answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and sharpen the scythes. To-morrow I will begin to harvest."

"Now, children," said the mother Lark, "it is time for us to fly."







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